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THE SUNNY SIDE.

A BOOK OF
RELIGIOUS SONGS
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

By CHAS. W. WENDTÉ AND H. S. PERKINS.

WITH ORIGINAL POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY
WM. C. GANNETT, JOHN W. CHADWICK, Miss LOUISA ALCOTT, Revs. CHAS. T. BROO
M. J. SAVAGE, W. G. HASKELL, F. L. HOSMER, BROOKE HERFORD, Mrs. E. H.
LELAND, Mrs. EDNAH CHENEY, HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD,
E. E. REXFORD, AND OTHERS.

THE MUSIC, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, BY
H. S. PERKINS, GEO. F. ROOT, H. R. PALMER, W. N. EVANS, D. H. LLOYD, GEO. B. LOOMIS,
C. W. WENDTÉ, T. W. FOSTER, AND MANY OTHERS.

Together with a careful Selection of
GERMAN FOLK AND CHILD SONGS.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM A. POND & CO.

25 UNION SQUARE (Broadway, bet. 15th and 16th Sts.)

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RUSSELL BROTHERS, Printers, 11 Nass Street, N. Y.

Electrotyped by SMITH & McDOUGAL, 63 Beekman Street, New York.

P R E F A C E .

THE following little work was begun by Prof. H. S. Perkins under the supervision of a committee of Sunday-school superintendents. Owing to the early and unforeseen departure of that gentleman for Europe, the labor of its preparation has fallen chiefly upon the chairman of the committee in charge. Especial thanks are due to Prof. Perkins for his valuable advice and assistance, and for many contributions to the book.

The aim of the committee has been to produce a song-book undenominational in character, free from crude doctrine and mawkish sentimentalism, and presenting the *Sunny Side* of religion and life. Musically, it has been sought to avoid all meretricious jingles and jumbles, and yet to preserve a cheerful, lively measure adapted to the children's liking and capacity.

Our acknowledgments are due to the kind friends who have favored us with advice and assistance, and many original contributions, both musical and literary.

By special arrangement with Messrs. John Church & Co., Oliver Ditson & Co., Ginn Bros., and other publishers, we are permitted to include in the book liberal selections from the compositions of Geo. F. Root, H. R. Palmer, P. P. Bliss, A. P. Howard, Lowell Mason, and other well-known musical authors. Our thanks are also due to Jas. Vila Blake, Esq., for kind

permission to use musical and other matter from his charming work, the "Morning Stars."

The feature of the book to which we desire to call especial attention, is a collection of nearly two-score German Child and Folk Songs which it contains, and which have been selected with great care from the rich mine of German song. Many of the accompanying poems have been happily translated for us by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, who has kindly given his valuable services to our cause. We trust the sweetness and sterling quality of these melodies will make them favorites in the Sunday-school.

For the rest, we have tried to keep the tunes within the range of the children's voices, have printed the words under the music wherever possible, observed a natural order in the succession of the hymns, added two indexes for convenient reference, and thus aimed at producing a practical, helpful book in the religious nurture of the young.

And so may this little work, the fruit of many hours of pleasant labor, go into many a Sunday-school and home, to inculcate a natural, joyous piety, and bring the cheer and blessing of song into the hearts of young and old.

CHAS. W. WENDTÉ,
C. H. S. MIXER,
J. D. HARVEY,

Committee.

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DEDICATION
TO THE
SUNNY SIDE.

A SILVERY tide, called "SUNNY SIDE,"
Goes creeping around the earth,
And never a place, but wins a grace
In the jubilant flood of mirth ;
From the dancing gleam on the fretted stream
To the dimples on baby's cheek,
That in and out, to his merry shout,
Twinkle a hide-and-seek.

Where'er it goes, the darkness glows,
And men and women sing ;
For it fills their eyes with glad surprise,
And stays their sorrowing ;

So it passes along with the swell of song,
Like a musical break of day,
And circles the earth with sky-lit mirth,
From the Blue behind the Gray.

O God of Love, in the Blue above,
Who makest the sun to flame,
And guidest the flight of the planet bright,
And callest the stars by name,
It is Thou dost hide in the SUNNY SIDE,
And creepest from heart to heart ;
Yea, every clod doth know the God
Who comes—and the shadows part.

WM. C. GANNET

THE SUNNY SIDE.

HOSANNA TO THE LORD.

GERMAN.

f All. *p One Voice.* *f All.*

Sing Ho - san - na! Bless - ed is he that comes in the name of the Lord; Sing Ho - san - na in the

p One Voice. *mf All.* *p One Voice.*

high - est! He that comes in the name of the Lord, He that comes in the name of the Lord! Ho -

mf All. *p One Voice.* *f All.*

san - na! Ho - san - na! Sing Ho - san - na in the highest! Sing Ho - san - na to the Lord!

Detailed description: The image shows a three-system musical score for the hymn 'Hosanna to the Lord'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The music is in common time (C). The first system begins with a vocal line starting on a G4 note, followed by a bass line. The second system continues the vocal line with a melodic flourish and then returns to a steady rhythm. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and a double bar line. Dynamics and performance instructions are placed above the vocal line of each system.

CHILDHOOD'S OFFERING.

GERMAN AIR.

Joyously.

1. We come with songs of praise to thee, Thou Giv - er of all good ; And with the voice of mel - o -
 2. We come in childhood's in - no - cence, We come as chil - dren free ! We of - fer up, O God, our
 3. We meet as blossoms on the tree, Sweet prom - is - es of spring ; O, may thy love, full, rich, and

- dy To tell our grat - i - tude ; And with the voice of mel - o - dy To tell our grat - i - tude.
 hearts In trust - ing love to thee ; We of - fer up, O God, our hearts, In trust - ing love to thee.
 free, The gold - en har - vest bring ; O, may thy love, full, rich, and free, The gold - en har - vest bring.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

*Words from "Morning Stars."**Music—"CHILDHOOD'S OFFERING."*

- 1 O SEE! how fair, how sweet, how clear,
 Our little church it glows!
 How bright on it the red and gold
 The western sunbeam throws.
 How sweet, how still, the silence here!
 No church is half so dear.
- 2 O see! the golden glow of eve
 Upon the window streams,
 And like a bird with crown of flowers
 It standeth in the beams.
*And see how it doth gleam and glow,
 As doth the peach-tree blow.*

- 3 And when resounds and thrills around
 The organ's silver swell,
 How then the tones o'erwhelm the heart
 It scarce finds words to tell ;
 And mute we hear the rising peal,
 Nor tell the things we feel.
- 4 But see! the sun doth sink to rest,
 And dark the valley grows ;
 The last soft ray of gold the sky
 Upon the tower throws.
 How sweet, how still, the silence here
 No church is half so dear.

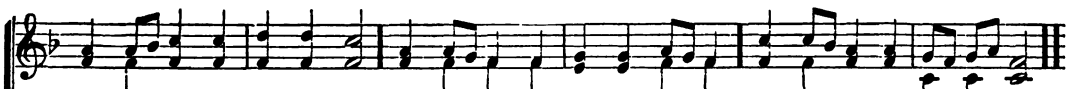
AN OPENING HYMN.

Tune—"GREENVILLE."

7



1. { Gracious God, our heavenly Fa-ther! Meet and bless our school, we pray, }
 { As in hum-ble trust we gath-er, Teachers, scholars, here to - day. } Every joy and every blessing,
 2. { Weak, im-per-fect, tempted, err - ing, From thy precepts, Lord, we stray; }
 { Let thy Spir - it from our wand'ring Bring us back to vir - tue's way. } Humble, penitent, con-fid - ing,



From thy bounteous hand we own; May thy love our souls pos-sess-ing, Draw us near-er to thy throne.
 May we rest our hope in thee; In thy fa-vor, Lord, a-bid-ing, In thy peace and pur-i-ty.



BENEDICTION.

Music—"GREENVILLE."

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!

ADVICE.

ALICE CARY.

Music—"GREENVILLE."

- 1 Do not look for wrong and evil,—
 You will find them if you do;
 As you measure for your neighbor
 He will measure back to you.
- 2 Look for goodness, look for gladness,
 You will meet them all the while;
 If you bring a smiling visage
 To the glass, you meet a smile.

FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

Tune—"WEBB."

1. We meet a - gain in glad - ness, And thank - ful voi - ces raise ; To God, our heavenly
 2. We thank him for the Sab - bath, The day of ho - ly rest ; And for the bless - ed
 3. We thank him for our coun - try, The land our fa - thers trod ; For lib - er - ty of

Fa - ther, We tune our grate - ful praise : His own kind hand has kept us Through
 Bi - ble, The book the good love. best ; For Sab - bath - schools and teach - ers To
 con - science, And right to wor - ship God. O Lord, our heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Ac -

all the changing year ; His love it is that brings us A - gain to wor - ship here.
 us in kind - ness given, To guide us in the path - way That leads to joys in heaven.
 cept the praise we bring, And tune our hearts and voi - ces Thy glo - rious name to sing.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

9

Words translated by REV. CH. T. BROOKS.

GERMAN.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, Ye youth-ful choirs, a-dore him! The sweet ac-cord Of glad hearts bring be-
2. In grate-ful song, With hearts and voi-ces blending, We join the throng Whose heavenly strains as-

fore him! Oh, praise the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
cend-ing, A-round thy throne, Pure praise pro-long.

3.
That morn shall shine
When we from death awaking,
Shall sing for joy,
In heaven's own bliss partaking—
Forever thine!
Forever thine

THE ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

Contrib. by REV. W. J. HASKELL.

Music—"WEBB."

- 1 In olden time men worshiped
At altars built of stone,
And thought God loved them only,
And called none else his own:—
But Jesus tells us truly
That worship undefiled
Is paid by hearts as trusting
As of the little child.
- 2 In olden time the offering
By priestly hands was made;
Their prayers alone brought blessing,
Or God's fierce anger stayed:—

- But now we know wherever
The pleading human heart
Years for a father's blessing,
There thou, the Father, art.
- 3 No more the priest is needed
To bring God's blessing down,—
To sue for man's forgiveness,—
To dissipate God's frown;
We know thee now as Father,
Who hears his children call,
And worship thee by loving,
Or worship not at all.

PRAISE THE LORD.

1. { Praise the Lord; ye heav'n, adore him; Praise him, angels, in the height; }
 { Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light. } Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;

2. { Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his promise fail: }
 { God hath made his saints vic-to-rious; Truth and love shall yet prevail. } Praise the God of our sal-va-tion;

Worlds his mighty voice o-beyed; Laws, which nev-er can be bro-ken, For their guid-ance he hath made.
 Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all ere-a-tion, Praise and mag-ni-fy his name.

GOD IS LOVE.

Music—"GREENVILLE," p. 7.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waveth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER. 11

W. N. EVANS.

HYMN BEFORE PRAYER.

H. S. PERKINS.

Andante.

1. Our heavenly Fa-ther! as we bow be-fore thee, Hear us, thy chil-dren, in our hum-ble prayer;
2. Thou art our Fa-ther, tho' so high and ho-ly, And we may ven-ture on thy name to call;

In child-like trust our souls would fain a-dore thee, And praise and bless thee for thy lov-ing care.
For still thy voice in-vites the meek and low-ly, Thy heavenly love does seek and keep us all.

tempo ad lib. *p* *pp*
Hear our prayer, O hear our prayer! *A-men.*

3.
Help us to lay aside all worldly feeling,
To give our hearts to goodness, truth,
and love;
Oh, send thy Spirit, with its deep re-
vealing,
To lift our souls from earth to heav'n
above.
Hear our prayer, &c. *Amen.*

TO-DAY A SOLEMN STILLNESS.

Words and Music from the GERMAN.

1. To-day a sol- emn still- ness Is rest- ing far and near; And so may we with
2. The Sab- bath bells are ring- ing, So cheer- ful and so clear, They call to prayer and

glad- ness God's ho- ly day re- vere.
sing- ing, And God's good word to hear.

3 Who would not heed the message,
God sends us from above?
Who would not seek His blessing,
His mercy and His love?

4 And as the eastern sages
Were guided by a star,
So faith will lead us heavenward,
Where God and angels are.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be thy | name. | Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth,
as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread. | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass a- |
gainst us.
3. *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: | For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.*

MORN SO FAIR.

13

Moderato.

G. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by permission of JOHN CHURCH & CO.



1. Morn so fair! Morn so fair! Shed thy light and peace and rest up - on this Sab - bath air;
2. Chil - dren dear, Wel - come here! With your song of love and hope and wor - ship ring - ing clear;
3. Ho - ly day! Ho - ly day! Here we come to praise the Lord our Mak - er and to pray;



Hour of balm! Hour of balm! Let thy sweetness fill with joy this ho - ly Sab - bath calm.
How it swells! While it tells All the joy and peace and mu - sic of the Sab - bath bells.
While we bring! While we bring All our glad and thank - ful hearts an hum - ble of - fer - ing.



Chorus.



Ring, ring, ring, ring, sweet Sab - bath bells! Ring, ring, ring, ring, sweet Sab - bath bells!



SABBATH WELCOME.

GEO. C. PEARSON.

From "Songs of Love," by permission of JOHN CHURCH

Joyfully.

1. Best of the sev-en! oh, ho - ly day, That lights the course of our young life's wi
 2. Turning from earth's bu-sy paths a - side, Do thou, O Lord, our voi - ces gui
 3. Hap - py this day do we off - 'rings bring, And pure the songs that with joy we sin,

day of praise and prayer; We love the still-ness that marks thy morn, We sing thy peace
 cept our grate-ful lay; Our hearts keep time to the mu - sic clear Of an - gels bright
 Him who reigns a - bove; We know that each in His love doth share, We know that each

*ritard.**Chorus.*

sad and worn; Oppress'd by toil and care. Oh! cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, sing we th
 heaven-ly sphere, That ne'er shall pass a - way.
 ten - der care; Naught can His love re - move.

SABBATH WELCOME.

15

Wel - come, thou Sab - bath of rest! Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, wel - come a - gain,

f Boys. Girls. Together.

Sab-bath, dear Sab-bath of rest! Wel - come, wel - come! wel-come, dear Sab-bath of rest.

HAND IN HAND TOGETHER.

Words by N. HALE.

Music—"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 HAND in hand together, with heart, and will, and voice,
Singing thanksgivings and praises;
Here we bring our offerings, as grateful girls and boys,
Singing thanksgivings and praises.</p> <p>CHO.—Praise God Almighty, our Father dear above!
Thank him for his goodness, love him for his love!
While, hand in hand together, with heart, and will, and voice,
We sing our thanksgivings and praises.</p> | <p>2 We thank him for our parents, our homes, our friends and schools,
Singing thanksgiving and praises;
We thank him that he made us where the blessed Gospel rules,
Singing thanksgivings and praises.—CHO.</p> <p>3 We'll try to do the right things, and not to do the wrong,
Singing thanksgivings and praises;
Let every song be duty, and every duty song,
Singing thanksgivings and praises.—CHO.</p> |
|--|---|

THIS IS THE SABBATH DAY.

GEO. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.

Grazioso.

1. Peace - ful the morn - ing, qui - et the day, Now are the week's cares fold - ed a -
 2. Sweet are the songs that here we shall sing, Lov - ing the spir - its hith - er we
 3. And when we join in ser - vice of prayer, May we, our Fa - ther, know thou art

way; Hushed in - to still - ness now is the air, Wel - come the Sab - bath fair.
 bring, Dear are the les - sons oft we have heard, Lord, from the Bi - ble - word.
 there; O bless - ed Shep - herd, thy flock are we: Gath - er us now to thee!

Chorus.

Hark! and hear the pleasant Sab-bath-bells; Far and near the sounding ech-o swells;

THIS IS THE SABBATH DAY.

17

Sweet - ly to all their tones seems to say, This is the Sab - bath day.

The musical score for 'THIS IS THE SABBATH DAY.' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

DOXOLOGY.

GERMAN.

1. Might-y God, we worship thee; Lord, we praise thy power tremendous; All the earth doth worship thee,
2. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, All to whom a voice is giv - en, Sing to thee a joy - ful hymn;

The first part of the Doxology is set to music on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

And ad-mire thy works stupendous; As thou wast in days of yore, Shalt thou be for ev - er-more.
An - gels, serv-ing thee in heaven, With one voice con-tin - ual ly, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly," cry.

The second part of the Doxology is set to music on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two flats and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

Words by REV. BROOKE HERFORD.

Music by REV. C. W. WENDTÉ.

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, Lead us, Shepherd kind; We are on - ly children, Weak, and young, and blind.
 2. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, In our opening way; Lead us in the morn-ing Of our lit - tle day;
 3. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, As the way grows long, Be our strong sal - va - tion, Be our joy - ous song.

All the way be - fore us, Thou alone dost know, Oh, lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go;
 While our hearts are hap - py, While our souls are free, Oh, may we give our childhood As a song to thee;
 Gladdened by thy mer - cies, Chastened by thy rod, Oh, may we walk thro' all things Humbly with our God;

Lead us, heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Sing - ing as we go.
 May we give our child - hood As a song to thee.
 May we walk thro' all things Hum - bly with our God.

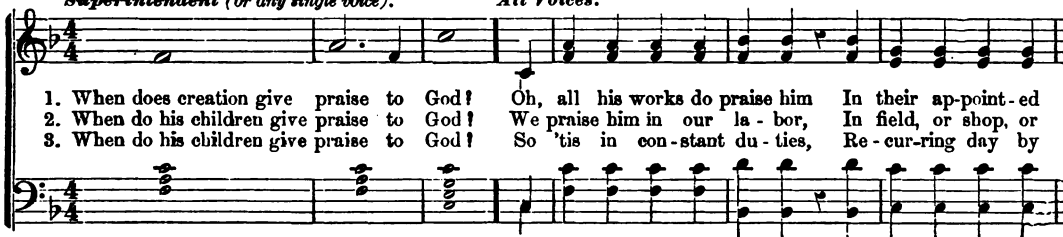
- 4 Lead us, heavenly Father,
 By Thy voices clear,
 Through the prophets holy,
 Through the Saviour dear,—
 He who took the children
 In his arm of love,—
 Oh, may we all be gathered
 In his home above.

WHEN DO WE PRAISE.

19

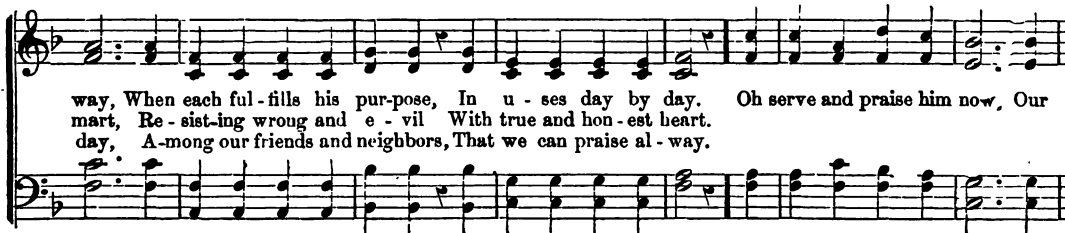
GEO. F. ROOT. From "Songs of Love," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.
All Voices.

Superintendent (or any single voice).

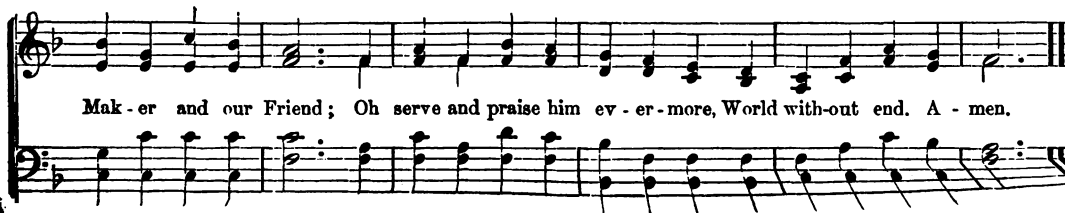


1. When does creation give praise to God? Oh, all his works do praise him In their ap-point-ed
2. When do his children give praise to God? We praise him in our la - bor, In field, or shop, or
3. When do his children give praise to God? So 'tis in con-stant du - ties, Re - cur-ring day by

Chorus.



way, When each ful-fills his pur-pose, In u - ses day by day. Oh serve and praise him now, Our
mart, Re - sist-ing wrong and e - vil With true and hon-est heart.
day, A-mong our friends and neighbors, That we can praise al - way.



Mak - er and our Friend; Oh serve and praise him ev - er-more, World with-out end. A - men.

A MORNING HYMN.

Translated from the Latin by REV. T. DOGGETT.

Tune—"AUTUMN."



1. Now the star of light has ris - en ; Suppliant, Lord, we ask of thee, That in all our dai - ly ac - tions,
D. S. Close our eyes to sights of e - vil,
2. May our heart's deep thoughts be heavenly, As we walk the ways of earth, Let no flesh - ly pride or pas - sion,
D. S. We may praise thee without sorrow,



- We from sin be whol - ly free. Keep our tongues as with a bri - dle, Curbing ev - ery tone of strife,
Lest we turn from thee, our Life.
Stain our la - bors or our mirth : So that when the light has fal - ed, And the time of rest has come,
That an - oth - er day is done.



TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT!

REV. NORMAN McLEOD.

Tune—"AUTUMN."

- 1 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right!

- 2 Let the road be long and dreary,
And its endings out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary—
Trust in God and do the right!

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

21

MOZART.



1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer - cy
2. He with all - com - mand - ing might, Filled the new - made world with light; For his mer - cy



shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.



- 3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

Words by W. H. BALDWIN.

- 1 To thee, O God, we offer
Our joyful songs of praise;
To thee, the bounteous Giver,
And Guardian of our days.
Again we meet to thank thee,
To raise our evening prayer:
Our hearts are filled with gladness
For thy most tender care.
- 2 Oh give these teachers courage
To boldly face all sin!
Help them to spread our gospel,
Till all are gathered in.

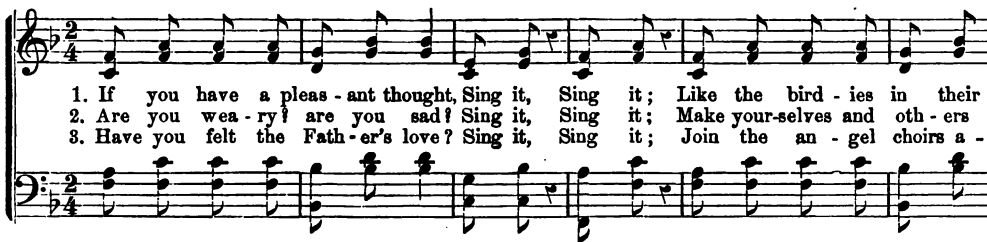
Tune—"WEBB," p. 8.

- That faith we cherish deeply,
May we with zeal impart!
Oh, plant its living power
In every beating heart!
- 3 Guard thou the young, we pray thee,
From sin and error's ways;
Show them the path of duty,
And guide them all their days.
May youth and age so serve thee,
Thou God of watchful love,
That all, when life is ended,
Shall dwell with thee above.

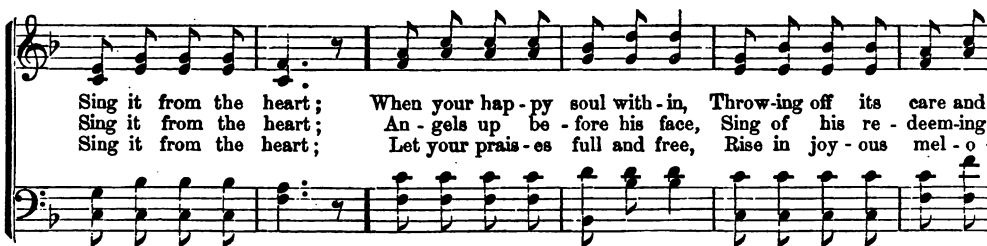
SINGING FROM THE HEART.

H. B. PALMER.

From "Songs of Love," by permission of JOHN CHURCH &



1. If you have a pleas - ant thought, Sing it, Sing it; Like the bird - ies in their
 2. Are you wea - ry? are you sad? Sing it, Sing it; Make your - selves and oth - ers
 3. Have you felt the Fath - er's love? Sing it, Sing it; Join the an - gel choirs a -



Sing it from the heart; When your hap - py soul with - in, Throwing off its care and
 Sing it from the heart; An - gels up be - fore his face, Sing of his re - deem - ing
 Sing it from the heart; Let your prais - es full and free, Rise in joy - ous mel - o -



Chorus.
 Would a thank - ful prayer be - gin, Sing it from the heart. Sing - ing, sing - ing from the
 Give the Fa - ther end - less praise, Sing it from the heart.
 When you would right thankful be, Sing it from the heart.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.

23

Oh, the bliss our songs im - part; Let us praise the tune - ful art, Sing - ing from the heart.

HE CARETH FOR US.

Words by REV. WILLIAM NEWELL, D. D.

GERMAN AIR.

1. { I heard the rob-in sing-ing His hap-py morn-ing song ; }
 { I saw his helpmeet bringing Their breakfast to the young ; } And to me came a whis-per In winds that softly

2. { I saw the ros-es growing In beauty day by day ; } [love and
 { No queen in all her glo-ry, So love-ly in ar-ray. } And on their leaves were written, Sweet words of

fanned the tree: " If God for these so car-eth, Will he not care for thee!"
 trust for me: " If God so clothed the roses, Will he not care for thee!"

3.

I thank thee, O my Father,
 That 'mid life's toil and dust,
 The birds and flowers can bring me
 Such heavenly hope and trust;
 Quicken'd by faith they whisper
 The Master's word in peace to me:
 "If God for these so careth,
 Will he not care for thee?"

GOD EVERYWHERE.

1. They who seek the Fa-ther's face, Find he dwells in ev - ery place; If we live a life
 2. In our sick-ness, in our health, In our want, and in our wealth, If we look to God
 3. Then, my child, in ev - ery strait To thy Fa - ther come and wait; He will an - swer ev -

God is present ev - ery - where; If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - e
 God is present ev - ery - where; If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - e
 God is present ev - ery - where; He will an - swer ev - ery prayer; God is pres - ent ev - e

THE PRAISE OF LOVE.

From A. J. DAVIS' Manual.

Music—"GOD EVERYWHERE."

- 1 Let us sing the praise of Love!
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Bringing on its blessed wings
 Life to all created things.
 Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
 Sorrow lifts its drooping head;
 And the tears of grief that start
 Turn to sunshine in the heart.
- 2 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Fairest of all things above:
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!

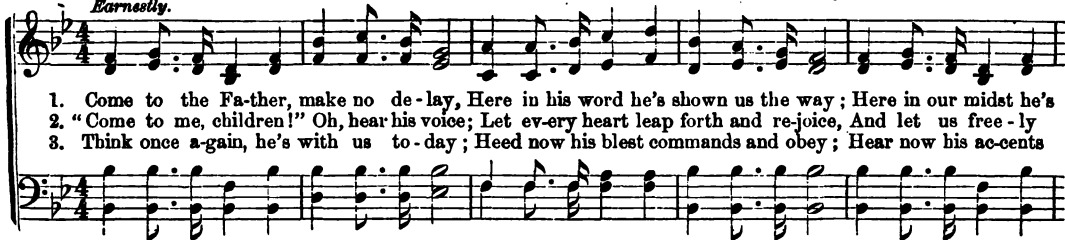
- And when words are all too weak
 How its deeds of mercy speak!
 They who learn to love aright
 Pass from darkness into light.
- 3 Let us sing the praise of Love,
 Everywhere,—around, above;
 Watching with its starry eyes
 From the blue of boundless skies
 Heeding when the lowly call;
 Mindful of a sparrow's fall;
 Writing on the flower-wreathed
 "God is Love, and love is God."

COME TO THE FATHER.

25

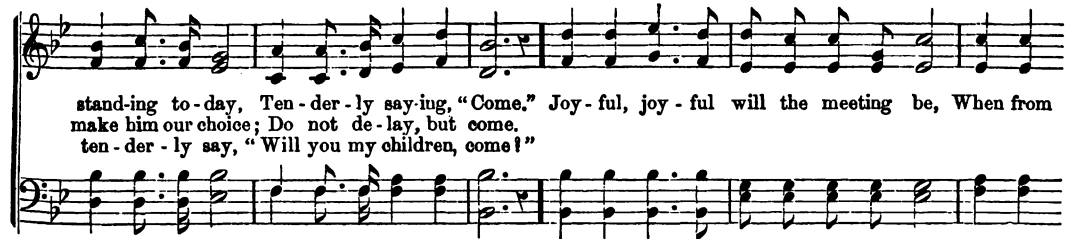
Words adapted.
Earnestly.

GEO. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.



1. Come to the Fa-ther, make no de-lay, Here in his word he's shown us the way ; Here in our midst he's
2. "Come to me, children!" Oh, hear his voice; Let ev-ery heart leap forth and re-joice, And let us free-ly
3. Think once a-gain, he's with us to-day; Heed now his blest commands and obey; Hear now his ac-cents

Chorus.



stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come." Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meet-ing be, When from
make him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.
ten-der-ly say, "Will you my children, come!"



sin our hearts are pure and free: And we shall gather, Fa-ther, with thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

MORE LOVE, O GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

H. S. PERKI

1. More love, O God, to thee, More love to thee; Hear thou the pray'r we make On bended knees
 2. O let our ev-ery breath Whisper thy praise; To thee the longing cry Our hearts shall

This is our earnest plea: More love, O God, to thee; More love, O God, to thee, More love to thee
 This still our pray'r shall be, More love, O God, to thee; More love, O God, to thee, More love to thee

NEVER FROM THEE WILL WE STRAY.

Words adapted.

GEO. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH

1. Be with us ev-er, O Shepherd of Love! Be the skies sun-ny or storm-y a -
 2. Lead us, sweet Spir-it, where still wa-ters flow, Green grasses rus-tle, and bright flow-ers
 3. In thy dear bo-som, O Shepherd, we pray, Car-ry thy lambs o'er the rough, stormy

NEVER FROM THEE WILL WE STRAY.

27



Lead us, dear Shep-herd, by night and by day, Nev - er from thee will we stray.
 For thy dear sum-mons we glad - ly o - bey, Nev - er from thee will we stray.
 Hear - ing thy voice, may we fol - low al - way, Nev - er from thee will we stray.



Chorus.



Nev - er,..... nev - er,..... Nev - er, O nev - er, for thou art the way;
 Nev - er, O nev - er, for thou art the way, Nev - er, O nev - er, for thou art the way;



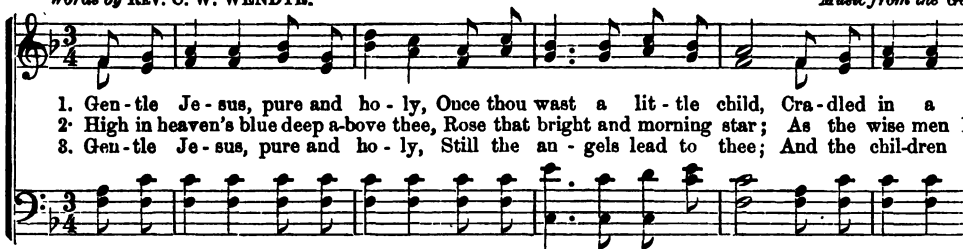
Nev - er,..... nev - er,..... Nev - er from thee will we stray....
 Nev - er, O nev - er from thee will we stray, Nev - er from thee will we stray....



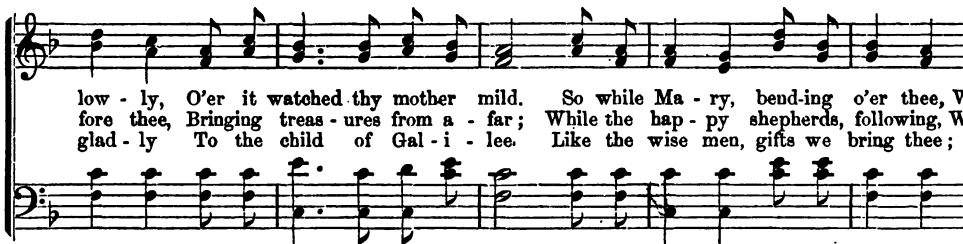
GENTLE JESUS, PURE AND HOLY.

Words by REV. C. W. WENDTÉ.

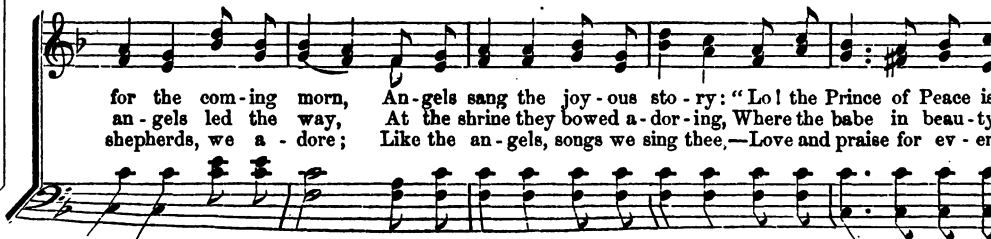
Music from the Gr



1. Gen-tle Je-sus, pure and ho-ly, Once thou wast a lit-tle child, Cra-dled in a
 2. High in heaven's blue deep a-bove thee, Rose that bright and morning star; As the wise men
 3. Gen-tle Je-sus, pure and ho-ly, Still the an-gels lead to thee; And the chil-dren



low-ly, O'er it watched thy mother mild. So while Ma-ry, bend-ing o'er thee, V
 fore thee, Bringing treas-ures from a-far; While the hap-py shepherds, following, W
 glad-ly To the child of Gal-i-lee. Like the wise men, gifts we bring thee;



for the com-ing morn, An-gels sang the joy-ous sto-ry: "Lo! the Prince of Peace is
 an-gels led the way, At the shrine they bowed a-dor-ing, Where the babe in beau-ty
 shepherds, we a-dore; Like the an-gels, songs we sing thee,—Love and praise for ev-er

MY GOD, HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE.

29

GERMAN CHORALE.

SILCHER.

1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve - ning new,
 2. Thou spread'st the cur - tain of the night, Great Guar - dian of my sleep - ing hours;
 8. I yield my powers to thy com - mand, To thee I con - se - crate my days,

And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
 Thy sov - reign word re - stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy powers.
 And dai - ly bless - ings from thine hands De - mand my dai - ly songs of praise.

CANST THOU COUNT THE STARS ?

Translated from the German by REV. CHAS. T. BROOKS.

Music—"GENTLE JESUS," p. 28.

- 1 CANST thou count the stars up yonder,
 In the blue and heavenly tent?
 Canst thou count the clouds that wander
 Through the boundless firmament?
 God, the Lord, their number telleth,
 That not one before him faileth
 Of the bright and boundless host,
 Of the bright and boundless host.
- 3 Canst thou count the gnat-swarms sporting
 In the summer noontide's glow?
 Canst thou count the fishes darting
 Through the cooling flood below!

- God, the Lord of all, hath named them,
 When for life and joy he framed them;
 In his love they live and move,
 In his love they live and move.
- 3 Canst thou count the children, daily
 Rising from their pillowed rest,
 Like the bird upspringing gaily,
 When at morn he leaves his nest?
 God in heaven o'er each rejoices,
 Whispering in their happy voices:
 "God is love, and God loves thee!"
 "God is love, and God loves thee!"

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

S. W. STRAUB.

From "Songs of Love," by per. of JOHN CHURCH

Softly.

1. From the hills of Ju - de - a there came a sweet voice, Say - ing, like one from a - bo
 2. On the winds that blow soft - ly o'er Pal - es - tine land, Flowed sweet as a heav - en - ly la;

"As my Fa - ther hath loved me, so have I loved you; Con - tin - ue you in my lov
 "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give you; Lo! I am with you al - wa

'Twas the voice of Je - sus, so lov - ing and true, Of him who was with - out sin,
 'Twas the voice of Je - sus, how pre - cious the sound, How cheer - ing that promise of love;

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

31



Who lived on the earth in humblest dis-guise, The heart from er-ror to win.
To him who re-ceive's, 'tis a balm to the soul, A fore-taste of heav-en a - bove.



SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

CHANT.

From BEETHOVEN.



1. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and for- bid them | not;" | Said Jesus; "For of such | is the | king- dom of | heaven."
2. And whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold | water | only, | Verily, he shall in | no wise | lose his | reward.



1. Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a | little | child, | He shall in | no wise | enter | therein.
2. For I say unto you that in | heaven their | angels | Do always behold the face of my | Father which | is in | heaven.

HAPPY, HAPPY SUNDAY BELLS.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Happy, happy Sunday-bells O'er the land are ringing, As their joyous music swells, List! the children singing!

2 Send, O happy Sunday-bells,
Far and wide your greeting;
Where a child unheeding dwells,
Summon it to meeting.

3 Ring, O happy Sunday-bells,
Praise to God, the Giver!
This the strain your music tells:
" Bless his name forever! "

*Translation from the German.**

COME, LOVELY MAY.

MOZART.

1. Come, May, thou love-ly lin-g'rer, And deck the groves a-gain; And let the sil-v'ry
2. True, win-ter days have ma-ny And many a dear de-light: We frolic in the
3. But oh! when comes the sea-son For mer-ry birds to sing, How sweet to roam the

stream-lets Glide gen-tly through the plain, We long once more to gath-er The
snow-drifts, And then—the win-ter night, A-round the fire we clus-ter, Nor
mead-ows, And feel the breeze of spring. Then come, sweet May! and bring us The

* From "Second National Music Reader," by kind permission of Messrs. GINN BROS.

COME, LOVELY MAY.

33



flow - 'rets fresh and fair ; Sweet May ! once more to wan - der, And breathe thy balm - y air.
 heed the whistling storm ; When all with - out is drea - ry, Our hearts are bright and warm.
 flow - 'ret fresh and fair ; We long once more to wan - der, And breathe the balm - y air.



OUR FATHER.

M. C. GANNETT.

Music—"COME, LOVELY MAY."

- 1 I READ of "many mansions"
 Within the House Divine ;
 I need not go to find them,
 For one of them is mine ;
 God lives in mine and loves me,
 Who else could bring the day,
 Who spreads the sleep upon me,
 Who gives me hands to play.
- 2 And when I say "Our Father,"
 It seems so far to pray
 To think of heaven up yonder,
 I can but turn and say :
 "Dear Father, close beside me,
 I feel you dimly near,
 In every face that loves me,
 In each kind word I hear."
- 3 He's the touch of mother's fingers,
 So full of love and care ;
 He's the pleasantness of trying,
 The help inside the prayer.
 I do not understand it,
 But so it seems to be ;
*There always is that other,
 Whom I but dimly see.*

CHILDREN'S JOY.

MRS. AGNES HASKELL.

Music—"COME, LOVELY MAY."

- 1 WE are a band of children,
 That cheerful march along,
 And pluck the way-side blossoms,
 Without a thought of wrong.
 For we are happy, happy,
 Yes, all the live-long day ;
 We sing like joyous song-birds,
 And in the sunshine play.
- 2 When others borrow trouble,
 And nurse their sorry fears,
 Our hearts are filled with gladness,
 And have no room for tears.
 For we are happy, happy,
 Yes, all the live-long day ;
 We sing like joyous song-birds,
 And in the sunshine play.
- 3 Oh ! 'tis the same dear Father,
 Who dwells in heaven above,
 That fills the world with beauty,
 And thrills our hearts with love.
 So we'll be happy, happy,
 Yes, all the live-long day ;
 We'll sing like joyous song-birds,
 And in the sunshine play.

THERE'S BEAUTY ALL AROUND.

Words by REV. W. G. HASKELL.

GEO. F. ROOT. *Written for this Work.*

1. There's beau-ty all a-round us, As ev-ery one may see; It glit-ters in the
 2. There's beau-ty in the pine-tree That braves the lightning's wrath; And beau-ty in the
 3. A grand, ma-jes-tic beau-ty The might-y tor-rent fills; But lit-tle brooks are
 4. And all great souls of good-ness Trans-cend in beau-ty rare The sunlight's daz-zling

dew-drop, And blossoms on the tree; It gleams in morn-ing sun-light, And blaz-es forth at
 vio-let, Hid by the meadow path; And in the drooping fern-leaf; And in the blushing
 love-ly, That flow a-mong the hills; The far-off west-ern mountains Shoot beauty spires in
 glo-ry, Or that the diamonds wear. But the children have a beau-ty Which passeth e'en the

Chorus.

noon, Gilds evening clouds with glo-ry, And shines from night's pale moon. O classmates, we can
 rose; 'Tis in the oak; 'tis in the grass; In ev-ery thing that grows.
 air; And earth's most low-ly val-ley Holds something won-drous fair.
 flowers! And God be thanked for sending them To grace these homes of ours.

THERE'S BEAUTY ALL AROUND.

35



see it—The beauty all a-round, With which in love, our God a-bove, The whole wide world has crowned.



BLESSINGS ON THEE, GRACIOUS LORD.

Words by REV. W. H. FURNESS, D.D.

GERMAN.

Tenderly.



. Blessing on thee, gracious Lord! Every child shall bless thy name, For each gentle look and word, When to thee the children come.



- 2 Happy child, upon whose head,
As he sat upon thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him,—how tenderly!
- 3 Hark! that voice is raised in prayer,
Which could still the maniac wild;
Lo! that mighty hand is there,
Laid in blessing on a child.
- 4 Blessings on thee, gracious Lord!
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look and word,
When to thee the children came.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

Music—“BLESSINGS ON THEE.”

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

Epitaphical Oct.

SUMMER DAYS.

Words transl. from the German, by REV T. C. BROOKS.

Music by MOZART.

1. Summer days once more are coming, Fragrance fills the balmy air; Birds are sing-ing, in-sects humming
 2. Heavenly love cre - a - tion bless-es; Na-ture owns its thrilling kiss; All that lives and feels con-fess-es
 3. Aye! a-midst thy glad cre-a-tion, Shall my song as-cend to thee; Fa-ther, ho-ly ex-ul-ta-tion,

Groves are ring - ing ev - ery-where, Tinged with sunshine's radiant splendor, Fleecy clouds are golden bright
 Grate - ful - ly this hour of bliss, New-born life its hymn is rais - ing On the mead and in the grove
 In thy grace my joy shall be! This thy world of bliss and beau-ty, Ev - er-more will I en-joy;

Spring with view-less fin-gers ten-der Paints the blossoms red and white, Paints the blossoms red and white.
 Shall not I, too, join in prais-ing Nature's God, the God of love, Na-ture's God, the God of love?
 And in works of childlike du-ty All my days for thee em-ploy, All my days for thee em-ploy

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

37

(INFANT CLASS.)

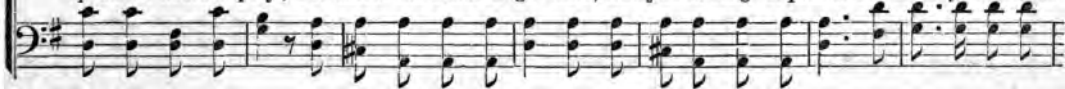
GERMAN.



1. The Sunday school, the Sunday school, Oh, 'tis the place I love ; For there I learn the bet - ter way That
2. The Sunday school, the Sunday school, Oh, what a pleas - ant place ; For there I meet my playmates dear, My
3. The Sunday school, the Sunday school, Oh, who would stay a - way, When Sab - bath bells are ring - ing, Or



leads to heaven a - bove ; To love and serve each oth - er, And look to God in prayer. The Sunday school, the teach - er's kind - ly face ; And there I'm told of Je - sus, The pure and ho - ly child. The Sunday school, the spend the hours in play ; For there the children ga - ther, And join in songs of praise. The Sunday school, the



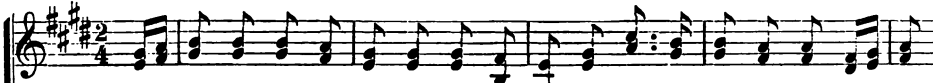
Sunday school, It is the place for me, For there I learn the heavenly way, How I may hap - py be !
Sunday school, I love it as I should, For there I learn the heavenly way Of try - ing to be good !
Sunday school, Oh, 'tis the place I love, For there I learn the heavenly way, That leads to God a - bove !



I ASKED A RIVULET TO TELL.

Flowing.

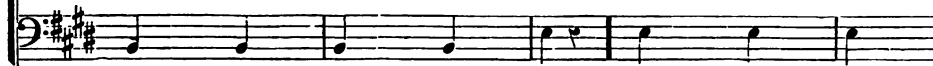
GERMAN AIR. From "Morning Stars," by permission of OLIVER DIT



1. I asked a Riv - u - let to tell What mu - sic sweet its bo - som fills ; I lister
2. I asked a Rill from whence it came, But it re - fused a song to sing ; And seek -
3. I asked a Spring from whence it came, It gave no answering word or sign ; Just then
4. I asked the Rain-drop whence it came, And si - lent - ly it made re - ply ; And then

*Refrain.*

on - ly hear The tink - ling of the rills. Lit - tle streamlet ev - er
 or - i - gin, I found it in a spring.
 rain-drop fell, And this was its sup - ply.
 gaze I saw A cloud was in the sky.



On - ward to the migh - ty sea ; May we learn a use - ful les - son From thy mel - o



CONSIDER THE LILIES.

39

GERMAN AIR. From "Morning Stars," by permission of OLIVER DITSON & CO.

With expression.

1. { Hark! the lil - ies whis - - per Ten - der - ly and low, }
 " In our grace and beau - - ty, See how fair we grow." }
 2. { And if toil and trou - - ble Be our lot be - low, }
 Think up - on the lil - - ies, See how fair they grow. }

Hark! the ros - es speak - - ing, Tell - ing all a - broad
 Flowers of field and gar - - den— All their voi - ces blend;

Their sweet, won - drous sto - - - ry Of the love of God.
 And their Ma - ker's prais - - - es To our souls com - mend.

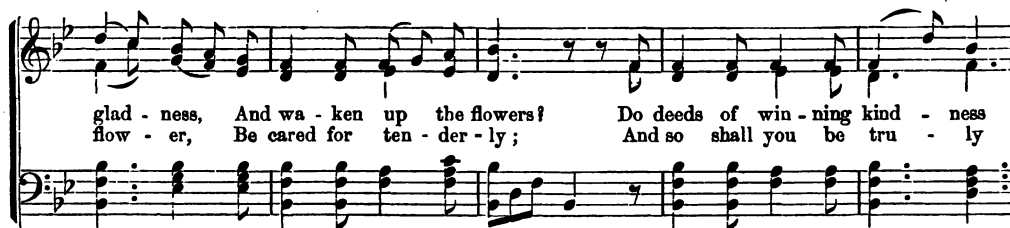
LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Joyously.

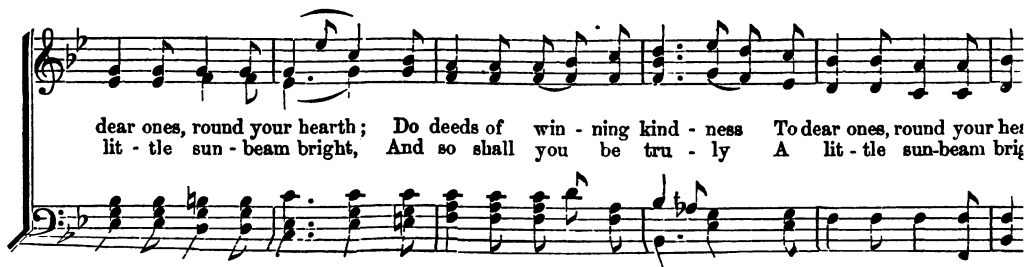
GERMAN AIR. From "Morning Stars," by permission of OLIVER DITSON & C



1. Oh, would you be a sun-beam In this fair world of ours,.... To give forth life and
2. And in your lov-ing mis-sion, Let none for-got-ten be;.... Let in-sect, bird and



glad-ness, And wa-ken up the flowers? Do deeds of win-ning kind-ness
flow-er, Be cared for ten-der-ly; And so shall you be tru-ly



dear ones, round your hearth; Do deeds of win-ning kind-ness To dear ones, round your hearth
lit-tle sun-beam bright, And so shall you be tru-ly A lit-tle sun-beam bright

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

41

But think a - midst your sweet home-love Of lone - ly ones on earth.
To shine with per - fect love - li - ness, And fill your home with light.

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

(INFANT CLASS)

GERMAN AIR.

Allegretto.

1. See the shin-ing dew-drops On the flowers strewed, Proving as they spar-kle, "God is ev - er good."
2. See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly proclaiming, "God is ev - er good."

- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good."
- 5 Bring my heart thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good."

FOR OUR COUNTRY.

Tune—"DUNDEE," C. M.

- 1 LORD of the nations! we to thee
Our country would commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!
- 2 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SUNNY SIDE.

From "Silver Chimes," by pe

Cheerily.

1. Yes, ev - ery cloud has a sun - ny side, Tho' dark the cloud may be, For just be - hind it
 2. Were ev - ery day with beauty crowned, And ev - ery mo - ment blest, We might for - get, 'mid
 3. If it were sum - mer all the year, And ev - ery month were June, Then who would watch fo

sunlight waits, To shine forth glo - rious - ly. Tho' dark and storm - y be the day, And wildly beats t
 joys of earth, That glorious land of rest. Ad - ver - si - ty but makes more clear Fair fortune's gol
 welcome rays Of autumn's har - vest moon. If winter came not with storms and cold, And lonely, dear

Refrain.

rain, 'Twill on - ly make the hours more bright When sunlight comes a - gain. Then courage take,
 dawn, Just as we hail, after dark - est night, The brightest rays of morn.
 hours, Oh, who would hail, with wild de - light, Sweet spring's unfolding flowers!

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SUNNY SIDE.

43

breast the wave, Tho' storms sweep o'er the tide, There is no cloud, how-ev - er dark, That has no shining side.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GERMAN AIR.

1. { High - er, high - er will we climb, Up the mount of glo - ry, }
 { That our names may live thro' time In our country's sto - ry; } Hap - py when her wel - fare calls,
 2. { Deep - er, deep - er let us toil In the mines of knowledge; }
 { Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil, Win from school and col - lege; } Delve we there for rich - er gems
 3. { On - ward, on - ward may we press Thro' the path of du - ty; }
 { Vir - tue is true hap - pi - ness; Ex - cel - lence, true beau - ty; } Minds are of ce - les - tial birth,

He who conquers, he who falls. High - er, high - er let us climb, Up the mount of glo - ry.
 Than the stars of di - a - dems. Deep - er, deep - er let us toil In the mines of knowledge.
 Make we then a heaven of earth. On - ward, onward may we press, Thro' the path of du ty.

THE STARS.

Words translated from the German by REV. C. T. BROOKS.

GERMAN AIR

1. And the Sun he set out on his might - y ride 'Round the world; And the stars they en - treated: "I
 2. And the Stars then they went to the love - ly Moon, In the night; And they said: "O thou queen of
 3. Then wel - come, thou Moon, and each friendly Star, In the night; Ye fath - om the depths of o

us," they cried, "'Round the world!" And the Sun, how he scold - ed, "You stay at home! I should burn your
 mild - er noon, In the night! Let us jour - ney with thee, for thy soft - er glow, It nev - er w
 hearts from far, In the night! Come and light up the lamps in the heav'nly blue, That we all may

eyes out; you can - not come On my blazing hot side 'round the world, On my blaz - ing hot side 'round the world
 burn out our eyes, we know!" And she took them companions of night, And she took them companions of night
 hap - py and taste with you Of the rap - tur - ous pleasures of night! Of the rap - tur - ous pleasures at night.

MY KINGDOM.

45

["I send you a little piece which I found in an old journal, kept when I was about thirteen years old. . . . Coming from a child's heart, when conscious of its wants and weaknesses, it may go to the hearts of other children in like mood."—*Extract from a private letter.*]

Words by Miss LOUISA ALCOTT ("Little Women").

A. P. HOWARD. *By per. of* OLIVER DITSON & CO.



1. A lit - tle kingdom I possess, Where thoughts and feelings dwell; And very hard I find the task Of
2. How can I learn to rule myself, To be the child I should, Hon - est and brave, nor ev - er tire Of
3. Dear Father, help me with the love That cast - eth out my fear! Teach me to lean on thee, and feel That



gov - ern - ing it well. For pas - sion tempts and troubles me, A way - ward will mis - leads, And try - ing to be good? How can I keep a sun - ny soul To shine a - long life's way! How thou art ver - y near: That no temp - ta - tion is un - seen, No child - ish grief too small, Since



self - ish - ness its shad - ow casts On all my will and deeda, can I tune my lit - tle heart To sweet - ly sing all day! thou, with pa - tience in - fi - nite, Dost soothe and comfort all,



4.
I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Words from "Morning Stars."

GERMAN AIR.

1. { There's good in ev - ery thing we view; The truth we none can hide; }
 { In ev - ery heart there's goodness, too; We've all our an - gel side. } Though from our son - ses

2. { There nev - er yet was found a heart, Where goodness all had died; }
 { 'Twas hid - den in some un - seen part; We've all our an - gel side. } Thy fall - en broth - er

it is hid—'Twill show itself when it is bid; For still 'tis true: We've all our an - gel side.
 hath a soul; God's mercy yet will make him whole; For still 'tis true: We've all our an - gel side.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER. Chant.

MORNINGTON.

*Glory be to the Father, Al - mighty | God, | To | whom all | praise be - longs; (As it was in the beginning,
 is now, and / ever / shall be, | World | without | end. A - men.*

A SONG OF HOPE.

47

Words by MRS. AGNES HASKELL.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Oh, tell us not of sor - row That clouds this world of ours; But sing to us its
 2. With hope 'tis al - ways morn - ing, Then why should hearts de - pair! The ver - y winds go
 3. Oh, trust the heavenly Fa - ther, His care is o - ver all; He'll not for - get the

bright - ness, Its sun - shine and its flowers. Bright seeds the an - gels scat - ter Wher -
 sing - ing The heav - enly Fa - ther's care: Each tremulous star and leaf - let Is
 small - est, Who heeds the spar - row's fall! Then let us pluck life's ros - es From

e'er their foot-steps lead, To bloom in last - ing beau - ty, And bless our hu - man need.
 thrilled with hope - ful love, And tells in soul - ful whis - pers Of God and heaven a - bove.
 out the dy - ing weeds, And quick - en hope in oth - ers By kind - ly words and deeds!

"TENDER, AND TRUSTY, AND TRUE."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

H. S. PERKINS.

Semi-chorus or Quartette.

1. Let us be ten - der, and trust - y, and true— Here is a thought, dearest chil - dren, for you ;
 2. Let us be trust - y, and ten - der, and true— Chil - dren, I pray you to keep this in view ;
 3. Let us be cheer - ful and hap - py as well, That all our life - ser - vice doub - ly may tell ;

Wher - e'er we go, and what - ev - er we do, Let us be ten - der, and trust - y, and true.
 Bless - ing each oth - er, our bless - ing we find, There - fore be help - ful, and thoughtful, and kind.
 God loves the cheer - ful heart sing - ing its lay, Let us then joy - ous - ly keep on our way.

Chorus. Earnest.

BRAVE to the bat - tle of life we will go, TEN - DER and TRUST - Y in all that we do ;

"TENDER, AND TRUSTY, AND TRUE." Concluded. 49

Musical score for the first piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and ends with a double bar line.

HELP-FUL and thoughtful to all we will prove, Win-ning all hearts by our good-ness and love.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

Musical score for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and ends with a double bar line.

1. Abide with me ; fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me a - bide. When other
2. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless ; Ills have less weight, and tears less bitterness ; Where is death's
3. Hold thou thy light before my closing eyes ; Shine thro' the gloom and draw me to the skies ; Heav'n's morning

Musical score for the second piece (continued), consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and ends with a double bar line.

help - ers fail, and com-forts flee. Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
sting ? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry ? I tri-umph still— if thou a - bide with me.
breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows flee ; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - men

MERRY CHILDREN.

*Words adapted.**From "Pure Diamonds," by J. K. MURRAY.**Lively.*

1. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren we, O sweet-ly, sweet-ly sing; Hear our hap-py
 2. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren we, O sweet-ly, sweet-ly sing; Hear our hap-py

Slower.

voi-ces ris-ing full and free, A mer-ry, mer-ry song we bring. Peace on earth, good-will to men, O
 voi-ces ris-ing full and free, A mer-ry, mer-ry song we bring. Ban-ish ev-ery thought of care, Let

hap-py sing-ers, sing a-gain, While an-gel choirs from heav'n a-bove, Send back the glad re-frain. O
 mirth and mu-sic fill the air, Let words of cheer and smiles a-bound, And glad-ness ev-erywhere. O

MERRY CHILDREN.

51

Lively.

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry chil - dren we, O sweet - ly, sweet - ly sing;
 mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry chil - dren we, O sweet - ly, sweet - ly sing;

Hear our hap - py voi - ces ris - ing full and free, A mer - ry, mer - ry song we bring.
 Hear our hap - py voi - ces, &c.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

ANON.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,—
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
 O'er the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
 For reason's life and light,
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to *hopeless night*.

Tune—"BOSTON," S. M. *Key of C.*

- 3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
 Call to the strong, and free:
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And guard their liberty.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
 Pray to the Lord above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

THE SHINING SHORE.

Dr. GEO. F. ROOT. *By per.*

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim strang - er, Would not de - tain them
 2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We may not cease our sing - ing, That per - fect rest naught
 2. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says come, and

Chorus.

as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger. For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our
 can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er.

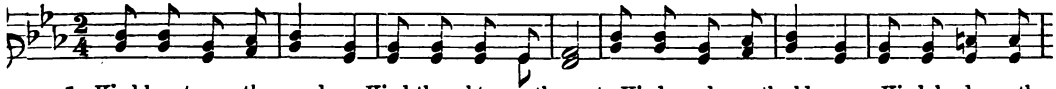
friends are pass - ing o - ver, And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

WALK IN LOVE.

53

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."

D. HAYDEN SLOYDE.



1. Kind hearts are the gar-dens, Kind thoughts are the roots, Kind words are the blossoms, Kind deeds are the
2. Love is sweetest sunshine, That warms in-to life; For on - ly in dark-ness Grow ill - will and



fruits. Kind deeds are the fruits, Walk in love with each other, Walk, walk in love.
strife, Grow ill-will and strife. Walk in love, etc.

- 3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



- 4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in other lands.

GOLDEN DAYS.

Words by MRS. E. H. LELAND.

- 1 The days are gliding swiftly by,
The days so bright and golden,
In leaf and flower the summer writes
Her poem sweet and olden.
- Cho.* The golden days, the long bright days,
The gladdest of the year!
The green grass springs, the wild bird sings,
The summer time is here.
- 2 The earth is warm with life and joy,
The air is full of splendor,

Music "THE SHINING SHOEN."

- And unto all the south wind brings
Her message sweet and tender.—*Cho.*
- 3 O Giver of these summer hours,
All nature gives thee praises,
From mountain peak to where the flower
Its lowly bloom upraises.—*Cho.*
 - 4 And at thy feet we too would sing,
With all thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
A song of glad thanksgiving.—*Cho.*

GOD, MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

CHARLES A. J.

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow; A lit - tle f
 2. God, make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy to all, Con - tent to b
 3. God, make my life a lit - tle staff, Whereon the weak may rest, That so what h

Chorus.

burn - eth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go. O Fa - ther, help thy chil - d
 na - tive bower, Al - though its place be small.
 strength I have May serve my neigh - bor best.

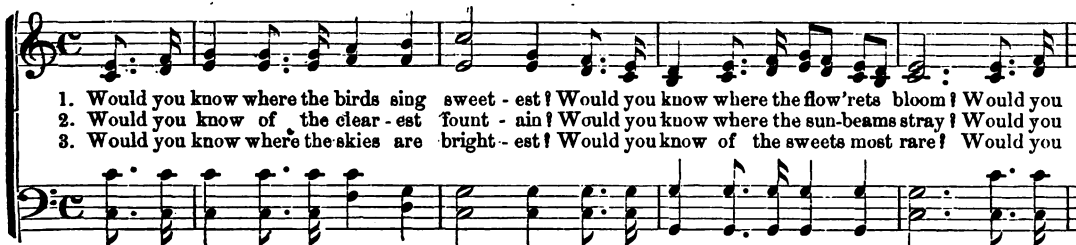
thou our foot-steps guide; We walk in peace and safe - ty While keep - ing at thy

ASK THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

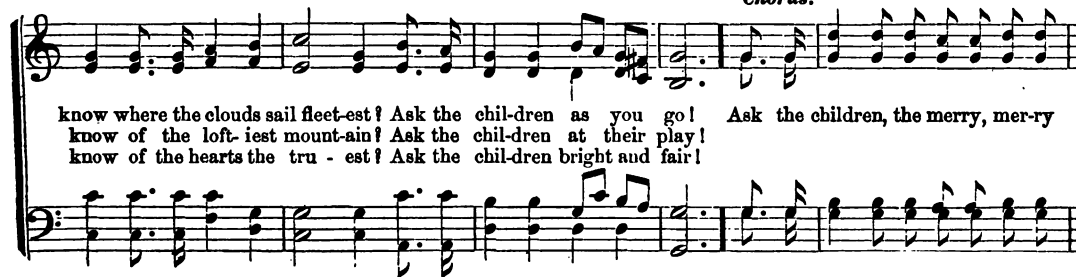
H. S. PERKINS.

55

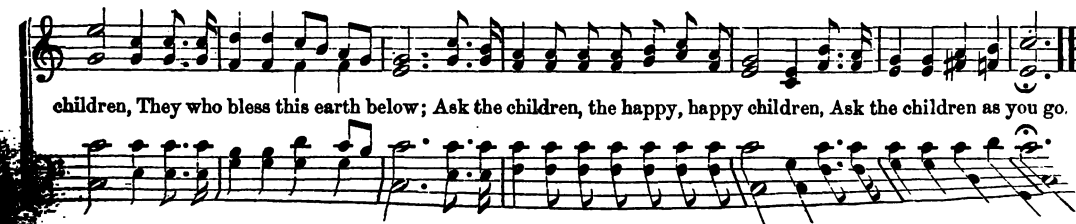


1. Would you know where the birds sing sweet - est? Would you know where the flow'rets bloom! Would you
2. Would you know of the clear - est fount - ain! Would you know where the sun-beams stray! Would you
3. Would you know where the skies are bright - est! Would you know of the sweets most rare! Would you

Chorus.



know where the clouds sail fleet-est! Ask the chil-dren as you go! Ask the children, the merry, mer-ry
know of the loft-iest mount-ain! Ask the chil-dren at their play!
know of the hearts the tru - est! Ask the chil-dren bright and fair!



children, They who bless this earth below; Ask the children, the happy, happy children, Ask the children as you go.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER. From "Songs of Love," by perm



1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled sliq
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friend - ship is too sa - cred far
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit - t'rest thoughts are rash - ly stirr



May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them ere they soil thy lip.
 For a mo - ment's reck-less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 Bright-est links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word



ANGRY WORDS.

57

Chorus.



"Love one an - oth - er," "Love one an - oth - er," Chil - dren, o - bey the Sav - iour's blest com -



"Love each oth - er,"

"Love each oth - er,"

'Tis the Sav - iour's blest com -



mand; "Love one an - oth - er," "Love one an - oth - er," Chil - dren, o - bey his blest com - mand.



mand;

"Love each oth - er,"

"Love each oth - er,"

'Tis his blest com - mand.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Musio—"DOING OUR BEST," p. 68.

1 **JOYFULLY**, joyfully, come we to bring
 Anthems of praise to our Maker and King;
 Blessing and thanks to our Father belong;
 Joyfully, joyfully join in the song.
 What though our voices are feeble and weak,
 Bending from heaven, he hears when we speak;
 Sweet the child's worship as angel's glad lays,
 Joyfully, joyfully sing to his praise.

2 Parents and home to his kindness we owe,
 Raiment and food does his bounty bestow,
 Happiness, health, are the gifts of his love,
 Joyfully lift the glad chorus above.
 Praise him forever, the heavenly one,
 Serve him on earth till our work here is done,
 Then in the land of the blest we shall sing
 Joyfully, joyfully, praise to our King.

CONTENTMENT.

Words translated from the German by REV. CHAS. T. BROOKS.

GERMAN.

1. Why need I pine for stores of wealth, If I am but con-tent! And God will on - ly give me health, My
2. How many a one with wealth o'erflows, Has gold and goods to spare; Yet no true joy his bo-som knows, He's

days in joy are spent. I grate-ful sing him all my days, At noon, and eve, my song of praise.
vexed with end - less care; The more he has, the more he will, His self - ish crav - ings ne'er are still.

3 They call this world a vale of tears,
To me it seems so fair;
With countless, ceaseless joys it cheers,
And none goes empty there.
Each little bird that sings its lay,
Each little insect has his May.

4 How sweetly vale and hill appear,
In love, for us arrayed!
And birds are singing, far and near,
In every grove and glade.
*The lark our morning toil makes blest,
The nightingale, our time of rest.*

5 And when the golden sun ascends,
And all the world is gold;
When laden boughs with fruitage bend,
And grain in billows rolled:
I think—my God has made all this
To fill his children's hearts with blisa.

6 So will I sound his praise abroad,
And sing and sing again:
How good and gracious is our God,
Who gives such gifts to men!
And evermore will I take part
In all this joy with thankful heart!

GIRD ON THE ARMOR.

59

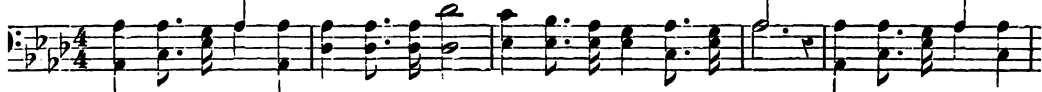
HARRY SOUTHWICK.

H. S. PERKINS

With Spirit.



1. Gird on the ar - mor, brave soul, to - day, Work for the truth and the right; Though sin and er - ror
2. Storms may as - sail, and dark - ness surround, Tempests of mal - ice a - rise; Raise high the ban - ner,
3. God's truth will conquer—e'en though to - day Er - ror may rule in the land; Light breaks the darkness,



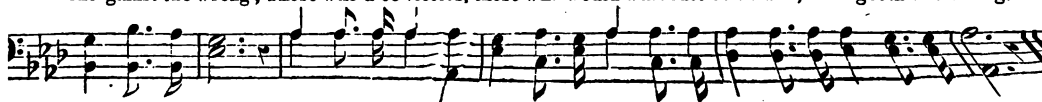
Chorus.



stand in the way, E - vil will soon take its flight, Sol - diers of progress, man - ful and true, March to the
shout forth the sound, Cloudless will soon be the skies,
drives gloom a - way, Ev - er by truth firmly stand.



front 'gainst the wrong; Those who'd be victors, those who would win Must be valiant, courageous and strong.



TRIED AND TRUE.

Sprightly.

W. H. DOANE. From "Silver Spray," by per.

1. We are a band of mer-ry children, Full of glee, Full of glee, Like the spring-time
 2. Hap-py am I, the bird is sing-ing, Wild and free, Wild and free, While to the song with
 3. Hap-py am I, the wind is sigh-ing, Thro' the shade, Thro' the shade; Sweet is my home, the

in its beau-ty, Glad are we, Glad are we; Bright is the bu-sy world a-round us,
 hearts we ech-o, So are we, So are we; Oh! there is joy in ev-ery blos-som,
 dai-sy murmurs, In the glade, In the glade; Thus we can say in days of child-hood,

Bright with flowers, Bright with flowers, Smiles from the sun-ny vale a-bove us, Come with the hours,
 We may share, We may share, While we a-dore the hand that made it, Pure and fair,
 Full of glee, Full of glee, Blend-ing our hearts with nature's voi-ces, Blest are we,

TRIED AND TRUE.



Come with the hours. We are a band of mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, As in the Sun-day -
Pure and fair.
Blest are we.

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, consisting of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains the remaining measures of the melody, ending with a double bar line.

school we meet; We are a band of mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, Tried and true, Tried and true.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Words by LUCY LARCOM.

Music—"God is Ever Good," p. 41

1 If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies,
Roving woodlands through.

2 I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,

3 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe.

4 Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

THE ARMOR OF LIGHT.

Firmly.

GEO. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.

1. We're soldiers on du - ty, the foe is at hand, We wait from our Captain the word of command ;
 2. Oh! ne'er let us fal - ter, or faint in the strife, The term of our ser - vice shall end but with life ;
 3. The march may be wea - ry, and rug - ged the way, That leads to the glo - ri - ous por - tals of day ;

We'll wage a stout war - fare for truth and the right, But first must we put on the Ar - mor of Light.
 Then on - ward and upward, we'll win thro' his might, Who loved us, and gave us his Ar - mor of Light.
 But " faith - ful is he who hath promised " to write Those blessed who bear on his Ar - mor of Light.

Chorus.

Oh! ar - mor! bright ar - mor! true ar - mor of Light! The sword of the Spir - it shall gleam thro' the fight

THE ARMOR OF LIGHT.

63

Musical score for 'THE ARMOR OF LIGHT.' The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sal - va - tion's own hel - met, the shield of our faith, Oh! shout for the tri - umph o'er sin and o'er death.

FIRM AND FAITHFUL.

Words from "Morning Stars."

Musio—"ARMOR OF LIGHT," omitting Chorus.

1 Be firm, and be faithful; desert not the right;
The brave are the bolder, the darker the night;
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail.

2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross!
God watches above thee, and he will requite;
Stand firm and be faithful, desert not the right.

TRUST IN THE LORD. Chant.

Arr. by JOHN WOOLLETT.

Musical score for 'TRUST IN THE LORD. Chant.' The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1 Trust in the Lord with | all thine | heart;
And lean not unto thine | own — | under - | standing.
In all thy ways ac - | knowledge | him,
And | he · shall di - | rect thy | paths.

2 Then shalt thou walk in | thy way | safely,
And | thy foot | shall not | stumble;
For the Lord shall | be thy | confidence,
And shall keep thy | foot from | being | taken.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

May be sung as a Duet by Two Voices or by the whole School.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER. From "Songs of Love," by permis-

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For weak-ness is sin; Each vic-'try will help u
 2. Shun e - vil oom-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev - 're
 3. To them that are faith - ful, God giv - eth the crown; He'll help you to con - qu

Some oth - er to win. Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due;
 Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and ear - nest, Kind - heart - ed and true
 Though oft - en cast down. He'll help your en - deav - or, Your strength will re - new

Chorus.

Look up to the Fa - ther, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Fa - ther to help y
 Look up to the Fa - ther, &c.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

65

Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

BOWRING.

THY WILL BE DONE. Chant.

DR. L. MASON.

- 1 Thy will be done. In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
Thy will be done.
- 2 Thy will be done. If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,

This prayer shall make it more divine,— |
Thy will be done.

- 3 Thy will be done. Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom,— | one comfort, one,
Is ours,— to breathe, while we adore, |
Thy will be done |

Mrs. M. A. S.

WHO FINDETH HEAVEN? *Tune—"THY WILL BE DONE."*

- 1 Who findeth heaven?
The pure and holy heaven of | sweet de- | light,
Whose welcome days flow on each than the last |
More glad and | bright;
Who findeth heaven?
- 2 Who findeth heaven?
He who with heart of loving | tender- | ness
Sheds smiles and kindly deeds along his path | to cheer
He findeth heaven! | and | bless; |

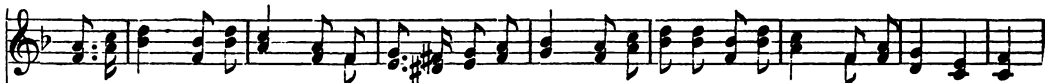
- 3 Who findeth heaven?
He who with calm and ever | pa- | tient | thought
Seeks for the lessons of the good and ill | his days
have | brought,
He findeth heaven.
- 4 So we'll seek heaven—
The holy heaven of wisdom, | love and | truth—
By loving much and | striving for all | good.
So we'll seek heaven!

DO THE RIGHT! NEVER FEAR.

H. S. PERKINS.

Solo, (or all in unison.)

1. Do the right! never fear, Firmly stand with heart sincere; Tho' the hosts of sin are near, Bravely do the right.
 2. Do the right while you live, And it may be yours to give Helping hand to those who strive Bravely for the right.



Tho' the foe may as-sail, You can nev-er, nev-er fail, But will in the end prevail; Bravely do the right.
 Look to him who was true, Let his love your heart renew, Follow him in what you do, Bravely for the right!



DO THE RIGHT! NEVER FEAR.

67

Chorus.

Do the right! never fear, Right will conquer over might; Do the right! never fear, Always do the right.

THE ROSE IS QUEEN AMONG THE FLOWERS.

REV. F. L. HOSMER.

EASTER OFFERING.

REV. C. W. WENDTE.

Grazioso.

1. The rose is queen among the flowers, None other is so fair; The lily nodding on her stem With
 2. But sweeter than the lily's breath, And than the rose more fair, The tender love of human hearts, That
 3. The rose will fade and fall away, The lily too will die; But love shall live forever more, Be-
 4. Then sweeter than the lily's breath, And than the rose more fair, The tender love of human hearts, Up-
 fragrance fills the air; The lily nodding on her stem, With fragrance fills the air.
 springeth everywhere; The tender love of human hearts That springeth everywhere.
 yond the starry sky; But love shall live forever more Beyond the starry sky.
 springeth everywhere; The tender love of human hearts Upspringeth everywhere.

DOING OUR BEST.

Words by Mrs. E. H. LELAND.

REV. A. D. ME

1. { Cheer-ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly let us all live, Slow to be an-gered, and quick to for-
 { Cheer for the mourn-ing, and smiles for the glad, Brave hearts be ev - er, thro' days bright or

2. { Cheer-ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly work while we may, The field's be - fore us, and long is the
 { We'll sow a - round us the good seed of truth, Soon they will spring up in fresh-ness of :

God helps the hand that is do - ing its best; Bless - es the true heart that stands ev -'ry
 Then shall the har - vest be gold - en and bright; Gath - ring our sheaves un - der heav - en's ow.

Refrain.

Sing - ing and hop - ing, at work or at rest, Cheer - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly do - ing our

Selected Words.
With Earnestness.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

H. S. PERKINS.

69

1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do; Do it so brave-ly, so
2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Other men's failures can never save you; Stand by your conscience, your
3. Dare to do right! dare to be true! God sees your faith and will carry you thro'; Keeping his loving help

kind-ly, so well, Angels will hasten the sto-ry to tell. Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare,
hon-or, your faith, Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
ev-er in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right!

dare to be true! Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do.

SCATTER KIND WORDS.

GEO. B. LE

1. Scat-ter kind words all a-round you, Some heart in its sor-row will stay; And catch-ing the brig
 2. Scat-ter kind words by the wayside, Nor fan-cy your la-bor in vain; They come like the b
 3. Scat-ter kind words to the lone-ly, The friendless, the weak and oppres-sed; Scatter kind v
 4. Scat-ter kind words all a-round you, Perchance when your mis-sion is o'er, The seed you have c

Chorus.

treas-ures, Find com-fort for man-y a day. Then scat-ter kind words, they will never
 sun-light, They fall and they cheer like the rain.
 err-ing, In God shall your labor be blest.
 mo-ment, May bloom on e-ter-ni-ty's shore.

member your mis-sion be-low; Scatter kind words, scat-ter kind words, Wherever, wherever

THE VOICE WITHIN.

71

Words by Miss FANNY FAGAN.

Rev. C. W. WENDTÉ.

1. The still small voice that speaks with-in, I hear it, when at play, I speak the loud and
 2. If false-hood whis-pers to my heart To tell a cow-ard lie, To hide some care-less
 3. If self-ish-ness would bid me keep What I should glad-ly share, I hear a-gain the
 4. I thank thee, Fa-ther, for this friend, Whom I would al-ways heed; Oh, may I hear the

Chorus.

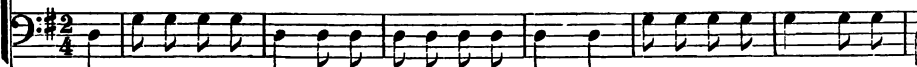
ang-ry word That drives my friend a-way. The voice with-in, the voice with-in, Oh,
 thing I've done, I hear the sad voice nigh.
 in-ner voice, And then with shame for-bear.
 slight-est tone In ev-ery time of need.

may I have a care; It speaks to warn from ev-ery sin, And God has placed it there.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

From "S. S. Bell," b

1. Come, join the no-ble ar - my Who battle for the right ; Come, join the no-ble ar-my, Our watch
 2. Then do not be dis-cour-aged, But bear up to the end ; Oh, do not be dis-cour-aged, But with



might." With the cross up-on our ban-ner, While our voices sing ho-san-na, We're children of the
 tend. God will make his sons victorious, And will give them visions glorious, And keep them to the



glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll batt



LET'S DO THE BEST WE CAN.

73

Words contributed by EBEN E. REXFORD.

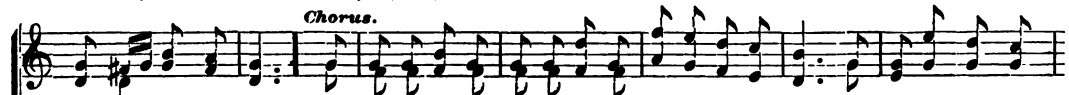
KARL EBELING.



1. Rouse up to work that waits for us, O spendthrifts of to-day; Let's make our dai-ly rec-ord A
2. Shake off the sloth that fet-ters us, Put on the will that wins; The bat-tle for the ear-nest In
3. No no-bler he-ro in the fight, Since bat-tle-fields be-gan, Then he who serves the right, And
4. So work while day is pass-ing, And at life's set-ting sun, When all our sheaves are gathered, The



Chorus.



grand one while we may. There's work to do, there's work to do, For God and fellow-man; In earth's great field of their own heart be-gins. does the best he can. Lord will say, "Well done,"



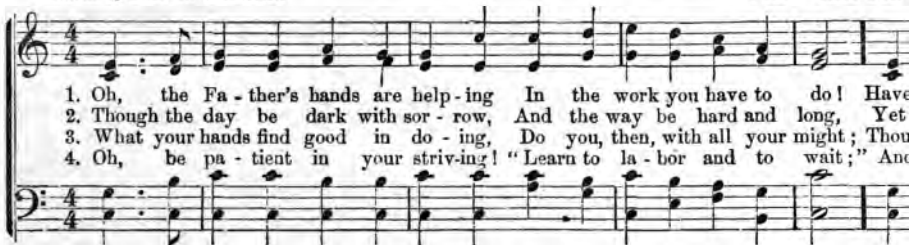
la-bor, Let's do the best we can; In earth's great field of la-bor, Let's do the best we can.



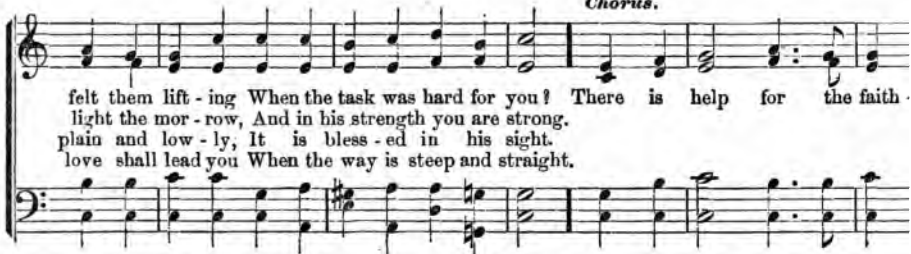
HELP FOR THE FAITHFUL.

Words by MRS. H. LELAND.

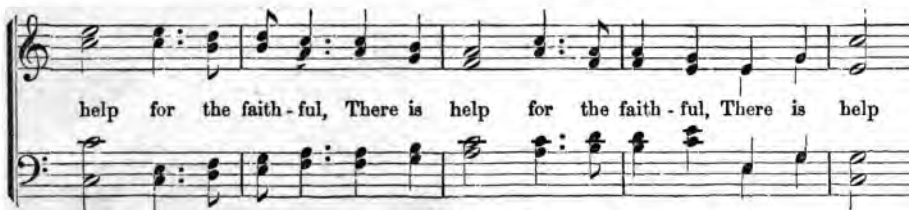
Tune—"REST FOR



1. Oh, the Fa - ther's hands are help - ing In the work you have to do! Have
 2. Though the day be dark with sor - row, And the way be hard and long, Yet
 3. What your hands find good in do - ing, Do you, then, with all your might; Thou
 4. Oh, be pa - tient in your striv - ing! "Learn to la - bor and to wait;" And

Chorus.


felt them lift - ing When the task was hard for you? There is help for the faith -
 light the mor - row, And in his strength you are strong.
 plain and low - ly, It is bless - ed in his sight.
 love shall lead you When the way is steep and straight.



help for the faith - ful, There is help for the faith - ful, There is help

LET PRECIOUS TRUTH AND HONESTY.

75

From the German by Mrs. SCHINDLER.

Music by MOZART, by per. from GINN BROS. 2d Nat. Mus. Reader.

1. Let precious truth and hon-es - ty At-tend thee all thy days, And turn thou not a finger's breadth From
2. Then, as on pastures fair and green Thro' life thy feet shall roam, Nor fear nor ter-ror shalt thou feel When

God's most ho - ly ways.
death shall call thee home.

3.
The wicked man in all he does,
Is ever sore distressed ;
His vices drive him to and fro ;
His soul can find no rest.

4.
The beauteous spring, the waving trees
For him smile all in vain ;
His soul is bent on lies and fraud,
And on ill-gotten gain.

5.
To him the leaf, by breezes stirred,
Has terror in its sound ;
And when he's buried in the grave,
His soul no rest has found.

6.
Then practise truth and honesty
Through all thine earthly days,
And turn not thou a finger's breadth
From God's most holy ways.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

GISBORNE.

Tune—"LET PRECIOUS TRUTH."

- 1 Turn, turn the hasty foot aside,
Nor crush the helpless worm :
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.
- 2 The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
- 3 Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

MY PRAYER.

FANNY FAGAN.

Tune—"LET PRECIOUS TRUTH."

- 1 Mine be the tongue that always shrinks
From giving others pain ;
The loving heart that never thinks
An act of kindness vain.
- 2 Mine be the eyes that long to see
The beautiful and true ;
May ready hands be granted me
All loving acts to do.
- 3 And may my feet from wisdom's path
No more in rashness stray ;
And from within a steady light
Shine on my daily way.

JEWELS.

GEO. F. ROOT. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & CO.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up his jew - els, All his jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for his king - dom: All the pure ones,
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, So ten - der and lov - ing, Are the jew - els,

Chorus.

pre - cious jew - els, His loved and his own. Like the stars of the morn - ing, His
 all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
 pre - cious jew - els, His loved and his own.

bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for the crown.

WELCOME! WELCOME!

77

Words from the German.

ANNIVERSARY.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Welcome, welcome, is the greet-ing Which this day we give our friends; Joy-ous, joy-ous is the
 2. Love is still our richest treas-ure, Cast-ing out each earth-born fear; Let the smile of so-cial
 3. Like the sun, our feelings glow-ing, Clothe these happy hours in light; Like the sun, when we are
 4. Shin-ing truth and heavenly glad-ness Quicken ev-ery soul with love; Gild the twi-light hour of

Chorus.

meet-ing, Which their kind-ly presence lends. Hands of cheer and hearts sin cere,
 pleas-ure Beam on all who gath-er here,
 go-ing, Let us leave a ra-diance bright,
 sad-ness With a ra-diance from a-bove.

Find we in our comrades here; As we fol-low day by day, In the righteous way.

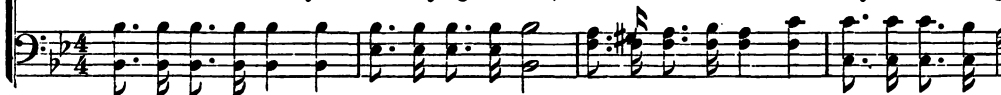
THE TRIUMPH.

Words adapted.
Maestoso.

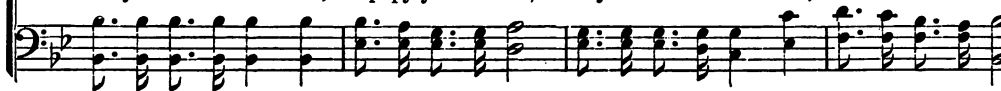
P. P. BLISS. From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & C.



1. We are marching on - ward, In our call - ing high ; This shall be our watchword, "La - bor till we die
2. Ye who in his vine - yard, Id - ly stand and wait, Come and join the workers, Ere it be too late
3. Oh, when he shall sift you At his judgment-seat, What shall be the welcome That your ears shall give



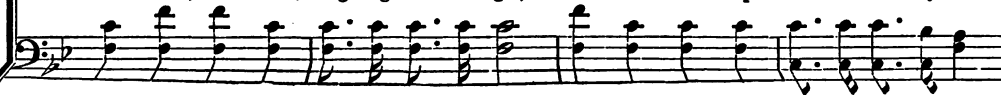
For the night is com - ing, Soon will set the sun, When the Mas - ter call - eth, Let our work be done
For he needs your ser - vice, Hear his lov - ing voice, "Come, and join my arm - y, Make my cause your own
If you are but faith - ful, Hap - py you will be ; Then you'll hear the summons, "Hither come to me



Chorus.



On - ward, on - ward, Sing - ing as we go ; Soon we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - ery foe.



THE TRIUMPH.

79

we are marching on - ward In our call-ing high ; This shall be our watchword, "La - bor till we die."

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

COME UNTO ME. Metrical Chant.

LANGDON.

1. Come un-to me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and dis-trest,
2. Large are the man-sions in thy Fa-ther's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sor-rows nev-er dim ;
3. There, like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed :

The musical notation is a metrical chant in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a simple, rhythmic melody on the upper staff and a corresponding accompaniment on the lower staff.

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Fa-ther: Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
Come un-to me, all ye who droop in sad-ness,—Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

The musical notation continues the metrical chant from the previous block, maintaining the same 4/4 time signature and key signature. It includes the same simple melody and accompaniment structure.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

DUET.

GEO. F. ROOT. From "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHUI

1. We are sail - ing o'er an o - cean, To a far and foreign shore ; And the waves a
 2. Tho' the skies are dark a - bove us, And the waves are dashing high, Let us look to
 3. He will keep it ev - er burn - ing From the lighthouse of his love ; And it al - way

round us, And we hear the breakers roar ; But we look above the bil - lows, In the dark - ness
 bea - con, We shall reach it by - and - bye : 'Tis the light of God's great mercy, And he holds it
 brightest When the skies are dark a - bove ; If we keep our eyes up - on it, And we steer our

Chorus.

night, And we see the steady gleaming Of our changeless beacon light. Oh, the light in
 view, As a guide - star to his chil - dren, As a help to me and you,
 right, We shall reach the harbor safe - ly By the bless - ed beacon light.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

81

brightly From a calm and stormless shore Where we hope to cast our an-chor When our voy - ag - ing is o'er.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

THE CHRISTIAN FIGHT.

REV. E. W. DUNBAR.

1. My soul, be on thy guard: Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are
Cho.—Oh, watch and fight and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is more rhythmic and energetic than the first song, with lyrics written below the notes.

press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies,
day by day, And help di - vine im - plore.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues from the previous section, with lyrics written below the notes.

- 2 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 3 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

CHILDREN'S MARCHING SONG

FOR FESTIVALS, PICNICS, ETC.

*In marching time.**Arr. from a German Air by C. W. W.*

1. Come, all ye chil-dren, march to our sing-ing, En-ter our ranks so bright and fair;
2. Sound forth the trum-pet, fling out the ban-ners, Fol-low our lead-ers lov-ing and true;

All to-geth-er let your voi-ces ring-ing. Keep the time and tune with care.
While our hap-py voi-ces sing ho-san-nas, Still our on-ward way pur-sue.

Keep step! For-ward! for-ward! as we march a-long, Keep the step with hap-py s
Keep step! For-ward! for-ward! as we march a-long, Keep the step with hap-py s

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

83

WM. B. BRADBURY, *by per.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's
n. o. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer; And oft escaped the tempter's

Fine. *D. C.*
throne Make all my wants and wishes know . In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief;
snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait on thee, sweet hour of prayer! :

I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!
Art thou my Father! Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
: And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought. :]

2 Art thou my Father! I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
Art thou my Father! Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
: Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above. :]

GOD, OUR FATHER.

Selected.

Tune—"SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER."

1 GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend,—

LOVE AT HOME.*

Words by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.

Air—"FOLLOW ME," by GEO. F. ROOT, in "Prize."

1. There is beau - ty all a-round, When there's love, love at home; There is joy in ev - ery sound,
2. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love, love at home; All the earth is filled with love,

When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smil - ing sweet on ev - ery side,
When there's love at home. Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Bright - er beams the a - zure sky;

Chorus.

(Soprano) chil - dren,

Time doth gent - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home. O chil-dren! Live in love, Oh,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

* Adapted to this Tune by special permission of JOHN CHUBB & Co.

LOVE AT HOME.

85

chil - dren,

live in love, Oh, ev - er live in love; Time doth sweet-ly, gen-tly glide, When-e'er there's love at home.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

FOLLOW ME.

Tune—"LOVE AT HOME."

- 1 **THERE'S** a loving voice that calls—
 "Follow me, follow me!
 Where the light or shadow falls,
 Follow, follow me,
 Follow, where the sun-beams play,
 Follow, through the twilight gray,
 Follow, for I know the way—
 Follow, follow me!" (Oh, hear him.)
- Cho.*—"Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow me."
 Blessed Jesus, may we ever
 Follow, follow thee!

- 2 "When your feet would turn astray,
 Follow me, follow me;
 Duty is the one true way,
 Follow, follow me.
 Joys will blossom unaware,
 Sweet will grow the common air,
 If my victory you would share,
 Follow, follow me." (Oh, hear him.)

Cho.—Follow, follow, &c.

Words adapt. fr. "Prize" by Mrs. E. H. LELAND.

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Tune—"BOYLSTON," S. M.

- 1 **STREW** all their graves with flowers,
 They for their country died;
 And freely gave their lives for ours,
 Their country's hope and pride.
- 2 **Bring** flowers to deck each sod,
 Where rests their sacred dust;
 Though gone from earth, they live to God,
 Their everlasting trust!
- 3 **Fearless**, in Freedom's cause
 They suffered, toiled, and bled;
 And died, obedient to her laws,
 By truth and conscience led.
- 4 **Oft** as the year returns,
 She o'er their graves shall weep,
 And wreath with flowers their funeral urns,
 Their memory dear to keep.
- 5 **Bring** flowers of early spring
 To deck each soldier's grave;
 And summer's fragrant roses bring—
 They died our land to save.—

JONES VERY. In "Songs and Singers"

FRIENDSHIP.

GERMAN AIR.

1. A - wake, a - wake the tune - ful voice, And strike the joy - ful strings; We'll pour the mel - low
 2. 'Tis not the cold and for - mal strain That wakes the in - ward flame, But 'tis the song that
 3. 'Tis this that glows from friendship's soul, 'Tis this that speaks the heart, 'Tis this that shows the
 4. O yes, 'tis here that mu - sic dwells, In friendship's sweet a - bode; 'Tis here that notes con -

notes a - long, And raise a peal - ing, glad - d'ning song, Till heaven with mu - sic rings.
 glows like fire, The song that feel - ing hearts in - spire, A mu - sic worth the name.
 peace - ful mind, The spir - it meek, and pure, and kind, Un - stained by vi - cious art.
 cor - d - ant sound, 'Tis here that har - mo - ny is found, Like that which dwells with God.

FEAST PRAYER.

REV. L. J. W.

Tune—"INTENSE VITAL."

- 1 FATHER Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
 Answer in love thy children's supplication,
 Hear thou our prayers, the spoken and unuttered:
 Hear us, our Father!
- 2 Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek thee
 To pastures green beside the peaceful waters;
Tendrest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty
Lead us, good Shepherd!

- 3 Spirit of Mercy, from thy watch and keeping
 No place can part, nor hour of time remove us;
 Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
 Infinite Spirit!
- 4 Giver of Joy, our feast of joy now hallow
 To sacred mirth in thy all-loving kindness;
 With thy own cheer crown thou the gladsome service
 Giver of gladness!

OPEN THE DOOR.

87

Words adapted.

S. S. MISSION SONG.

GEO. F. ROOT.*



1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Tim - id - ly stand - ing with - out, Anx - ious - ly seek - ing to
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gather them in - to the fold; Teach them the Gos - pel of
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Meet them with greet - ings of love, Tell them that God is their



en - ter, Raising to heaven their shout— "O - pen the door, O - pen the door!" Gladly our
 Je - sus, Tell them the sto - ries he told.
 Fa - ther, Point them to heav - en a - bove.



answer is given: We'll o - pen the door for the chil - dren, The door to the king - dom of heav - en.



* From "Songs of Love," by permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

OUR FATHER'S FAITH.

Words by REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

C. W. WENDTÉ.

With Animation.

1. Our fa - thers' faith, we sing of thee, Dear faith, which still we cher-ish; Nor may our children's
 2. We may not think our father's thought, Their creeds our lips may al - ter; But in the faith they
 3. Oh, may that faith our hearts in - spire To earn - est thought and la - bor; That we may share its

chil - dren see That faith de - cay and per-ish. 'Tis faith in man, 'tis faith in God, 'Tis
 dear - ly bought Our hearts shall nev - er fal - ter. 'Twas faith in man, 'twas faith in God, &c.
 heavenly fire With ev - ery friend and neighbor. 'Tis faith in man, 'tis faith in God, &c.

in man, in God,

faith in truth and beauty! In freedom's might, and reason's right, And all controll - ing du - ty.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,— Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee,—Land of the no - ble free,—Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,— To thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break,—The sound pro-long
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Tune—"AMERICA."

1 God bless our native land,
 May Heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore.
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And all our rights depend
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our name.
 Home of the brave and free,
 Stronghold of liberty—
 We pray that still on thee
 There be no stain.

3 And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore;
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er.

OUR COUNTRY.

Words by REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Music from the German.

Powerfully.

1. Land of the he-ros, who won us a her-i-tage, Broad as the con-ti-nent, free as the air;
 Which of all lands that the sun look-eth down up-on Can with thy beau-ty and glo-ry com-pare!

2. Hail to the fa-thers who found thee a wil-der-ness, Planted thee thick with the church and the school;
 Pledged thee to faith-ful-ness, help-ful-ness, broth-er-hood, Freedom thy safe-guard, and justice thy rule!

3. Dark was the shad-ow that slow-ly spread o-ver us, Dark-er and ev-er more dreadful it grew;
 That which the fa-thers had promised so stead-fast-ly, Sons of their children were read-y to do,—

p How can we sing thee! What can we bring thee! Half the great love which we bear thee to show—
 Praise their en-deav-or, Hon-ored for-ev-er! Sa-cred their names for the sor-rows they bore,
 Life and its treas-ure, Thine without meas-ure! Rose, as one man, a great peo-ple in might;

f cres.

4 Hail to thee, land that men longed for so wearily!
 Glad are our hearts that we live in thy day;
 Long may our heart's and hand's service of loyalty
 All thy great help to us seek to repay:
 Thus will we sing thee;
 This will we bring thee,
 All the great love that we bear thee to show,
 Love that shall ever more jubilant grow.

MY NATIVE LAND.

91

Words by C.

From the German.

Vigorously.



1. I sing of thee, my na-tive land, In strength and beau-ty thou dost stand! The people's
 2. I sing, I sing thy broad do-main; Thy val-leys rich with gold-en grain; Thy might-y
 3. I sing, I sing thy no-ble past, Oh, may its bless-ings ev-er last! And may our



hope, the free-man's pride, Thou dost the na-tions on-ward guide: I sing the land that
 riv-ers, un-con-trolled; Thy loft-y hills that treas-ure hold: I sing thy cit-ies'
 chief-est striv-ing be To keep them for pos-ter-i-ty: I sing thy trust in



gave me birth, The fair-est land of all the earth!
 wealth and power,— A no-ble na-tion's pre-cious dower!
 man and right, In rea-son's pow'r, and freedom's might!



- 4 I sing, I sing thy hero band—
 Whose sacrifice redeemed the land;
 All honor to the virtuous brave,
 Who struck the shackles from the slave!
 I sing of thy illustrious sons,
 Thy Sumners, Lincolns, Washingtons.
 5 I sing, O God, thy mighty hand,
 Which still has kept my native land:
 The hand that made the nation free
 And crowned it with prosperity;
 Oh, may its blessing ever rest
 Upon the land I love the best!

GERMAN.

1. To thee I have de - vot - ed My heart, my thought, my hand; Thou land of peace and plen - ty, My
 2. O hear me, heavenly Fa - ther, And give to me the will To my be - lov - ed coun - try My
 3. And may I ne'er dis - hon - or, By word, or thought, or deed, My own dear na - tive coun - try, But
 4. Cause her, O God, to pros - per, With peace and plenty blest, My own dear na - tive coun - try, The

own dear fa - ther - land; Thou land of peace and plen - ty, My own dear fa - ther - land.
 du - ty to ful - fill; To my be - lov - ed coun - try My du - ty to ful - fill.
 ev - er serve her need; My own dear na - tive coun - try, But ev - er serve her need.
 land I love the best; My own dear na - tive coun - try, The land I love the best.

BE STRONG.

Words by REV. WM. P. TILDEN.

Tune—"OUR COUNTRY," p. 90.

- 1 Strong in the living God, strong in our heavenly Lord,
 Strong in his work and word, be every heart!
 Strong for the true and right, strong for the Christian
 fight,
 Strong with celestial might, to do our part.
 Thus will we praise him,
 Thus will we raise him
*A song of service that never shall cease,
 Winning through conflict our strength and our peace.*
- 2 Richly from heav'n outpoured, may the quick word
 God,
 By which the true have trod, for virtue strong,
 Abide in us with power, guiding in every hour,
 Making each soul a tower, 'gainst sin and wrong!
 Crowned with the victor's wreath,
 May we tread beneath
 All wrong in heart, and home, and country dear;
 Trusting in God above with heart sincere.

ALL GOOD NIGHT.

93

For Close of S. S. Concerts, or the Home Circle.

GERMAN AIR. Arr. by C. W. W.

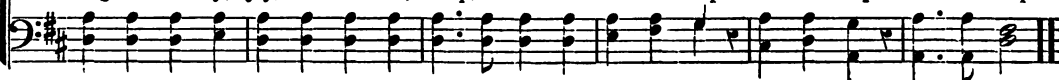
Words translated.



1. All good-night! All good-night! Now is la - bor end - ed quite! Now the day is soft - ly clos - ing,
2. Sweet - ly rest! Sweetly rest! Wea - ry eyelids downward pressed! Si - lence rests on field and mountain,
3. Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep! Sleep till morning's dawn doth peep! Sleep un - til an - oth - er mor - row



Bu - sy hands from toil re - pos - ing, Till new morning wakes in light: All good-night! All good-night!
Soft - ly murmur brook and fountain, Ev - ery bird has sought its nest: Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!
Brings its du - ty, joy, or sor - row; Sleep, our Father watch will keep: Peaceful sleep! Peaceful sleep!



MOTHER'S HOUR.

Words by MRS. EDNAH CHENEY.

Tune—"SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER," p. 82.

- 1 SWEET hour of eve, sweet hour of rest,
I lie upon my mother's breast,
And to the heart that loves me well,
My daily joys and griefs I tell.
With gentle hands she strokes my hair,
Relieves my pain, or soothes my care;
She gently chides my restless will,
Until my restless heart is still.
- 2 While slowly sinks the setting sun,
And stars come twinkling one by one,
And birds with cheerful evening tune
Salute the silvery lady moon:

- 3 While softly breathes the cool night air,
Our souls are tuned to love and prayer;
And then our grateful hearts we raise
To God in song, and love, and praise.
- 3 May I bear with me everywhere
The memory of this hour of prayer;
And in each time of trial rest
In love upon my mother's breast,
Each day, however hard to bear,
May have its hour of rest and prayer;
And ever God is waiting still,
The heart with love and peace to fill.

THE ANGEL WATCHERS.

From the German by C. W. W.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. When lit - tle chil-dren go to sleep, Be - side their bed two an - gels keep A lov - ing watch; the
2. But once the chil-dren up and drest, The an - gel pair both seek their rest; Nor long - er need they

wrap them warm, And ward away all hurt and harm.
stand on guard, For God himself keeps watch and
[ward.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

For Washington's Birthday.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Tune—"AMERICA," p. 78.

- 1 To thee, beneath whose eye
Each circling century
Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted in "the time
That tried men's souls."

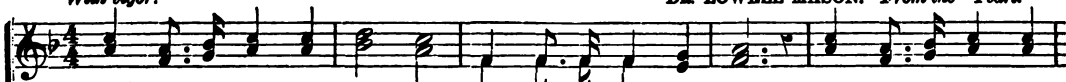
- 2 Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou mighty One, and just,—
Then put to shame:
"Up to the hills," for light,
Looked they in peril's night,
And from thy guardian might
Deliverance came.
- 3 There, like an angel form
Sent down to still the storm,
Stood Washington!
Clouds broke and rolled away;
Foes fled in pale dismay;
Wreathed were his brows with bay
When war was done.
- 4 God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless;
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING!

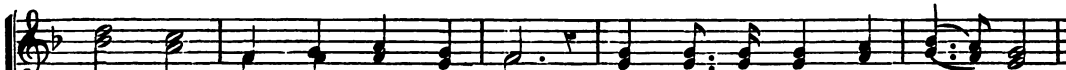
95

With vigor.

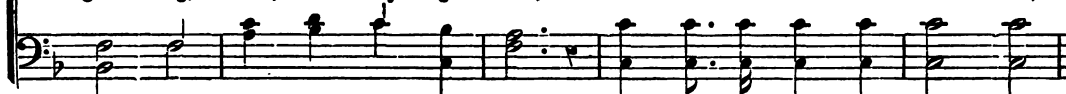
DR. LOWELL MASON. *From the "Pearl."*



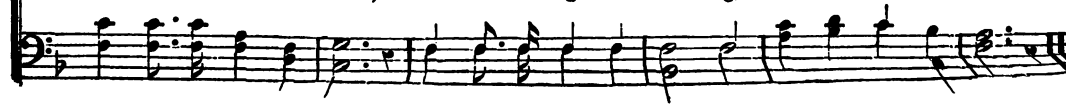
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the dew is
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies, While their bright tints are



spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - ery fly - ing mo - ment
glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,



Work in the glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done,
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.



THE GREAT BY-AND-BY.

Words adapted by REV. W. G. HASKELL.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER. By permission of O. DITSON & Co.

1. Oh, the years they are glid - ing a - way, And they bear all the chil - dren a - long!
 2. We'll be wom - en and men by - and - by, Tak - ing up all the bur - dens of life;
 3. Oh, the years they go fleet - ing a - way T'ward the sun that shall nev - er go down!

Chorus

Let us nev - er en - treat them to stay, But speed them with smile and with song. In the
 But with hearts beat - ing hope - ful - ly high, We'll go forth to the toil and the strife. For the
 And the souls who are faith - ful to - day, Shall re - ceive from the Fa - ther a crown. In the

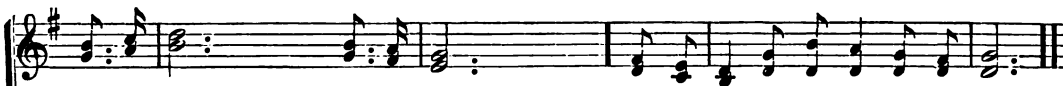
great by - and - by, There'll be ser - vice we're willing to do;
 great by - and - by, Brings the har - vest of joy to the soul;
 great by - and - by, When we meet all the loved gone be - fore;

by - and - by, In the great by - and - by,

by - and - by,

THE GREAT BY-AND-BY.

97



Oh, the great by - and - by Brings re - ward to the faith - ful and true.
 Oh, the great by - and - by It will last while e - ter - ni - ties roll,
 In the great by - and - by When we stand on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.



by - and - by In the great by - and - by,

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

GERMAN.



1. Hand in hand with an - gels, Thro' the world we go ; Brighter eyes are on us Than we blind ones know.
2. Tenderer voices cheer us Than we deaf will own ; Nev - er walking heavenward Can we walk a - lone.
3. Hand in hand with an - gels, Some are out of sight, Leading us un - known - ing, In - to paths of light.
4. Hand in hand with an - gels, Walking ev - ery day, Heavenly be - ings guide us On our earthly way.



PRAISE.

WATTS.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Tune—"OLD HUNDRED."

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till sun shall rise and set no more.

THE WORK WE HAVE DONE..

Words by REV. F. L. HOSMER.

Tune.—"FAIR HARVARD."

1. We all must go forth from the world at last, And oth - ers our places will fill : The years of our
 d. s. But down to the
 2. We gath - er our sheaves all along life's way, And reap where others have sown : Our lives are
 d. s. When o - ver our

Fine.

life they will soon be past, Our hearts in the grave be still : But the work we have done will then live
 future when we shall have gone, Forever its blessings will flow.
 brighter and bet - ter to - day, For all that the past hath known. And we, too, must sow for oth - ers to
 ash - es the green grasses creep, And we to the Lord have gone home.

D. S.

on, Nor death can it ev - er know ;
 reap, The har - vest in a - ges to come ;

- 3 Like rills on the mountain together that run,
 And make the great river below ;
 So each little life, and the work of each one,
 To one common current shall flow.
 And borne on its wave, like ships on the tide,
 The lives of mankind shall move on ;
 Nor in vain have we lived, nor in vain have we died,
 If we live in the work we have done.

NEARER HOME.

99

PHOEBE CARY.

H. S. PERKINS. From "River of Life," by per.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be; Near - er the
 3. We ask a Fa - ther's aid, To lay the bur - den down; Then take us

Chorus.

home to - day, Than I have been be - fore. Near - er home, near - er home, We'll
 saint - ly host, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 to his home, To wear a heav - en - ly crown.

Repeat Chorus very softly.

sing as we go; Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF REST.

*Cheerful.
Duet.**All.**Words and Music by H. S. PERKINS.
Duet.*

1. With joy-ful hearts we look to thee, Beau-ti-ful home of rest; The home of bliss we yet shall see—
 2. Our friends have gone thy joys to seek, Beau-ti-ful home of rest; To join the an-them of the meek—
 3. We too shall reach that ho-ly place, Beau-ti-ful home of rest; And see our heavenly Father's face—

*All.**Duet.*

Beau-ti-ful home of rest. No tempest fierce shall ev-er roar; No storms shall beat upon thy shore, But
 Beau-ti-ful home of rest. They sing around our Father's throne, In con-cord of the sweetest tone, With
 Beau-ti-ful home of rest. We'll share the an-gels' glo-ry then, And join the sweet and heavenly strain, With

Chorus.

peace shall reign for ev-er-more In the beau-ti-ful home of rest.... Beau-ti-ful home,...

hearts of love, and love a-lone, In the beau-ti-ful home of rest....

hal-le-lu-jah and A-men, In the beau-ti-ful home of rest....

Beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home,

BEAUTIFUL HOME OF REST.

101

Repeat Chorus mp.

Beau-ti - ful home of rest ; We'll sing thy glo - ries ev - er more, Thou beau-ti - ful home of rest.

Musical notation for the first piece, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

HEAVEN.

Moderately.

Music by Vox WEBER.

1. There is a hap - py home, Far, far a - way ; A life be - yond the tomb, Bright, end - less day ;
2. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith, I see In yon - der home of light, Pre - pared for me.
3. "Come to this hap - py home," Hear Je - sus say ; Je - sus bids chil - dren come, He leads the way.

Musical notation for the second piece, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

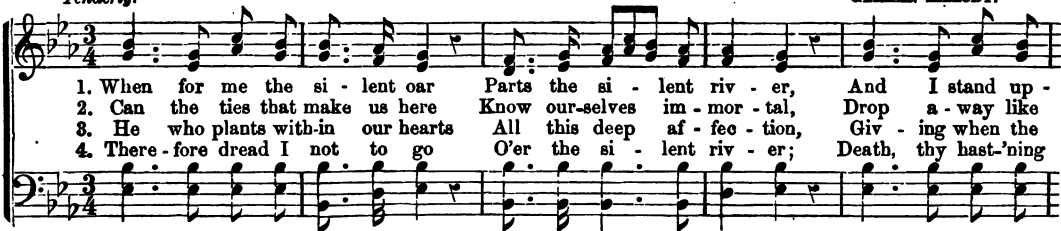
There we may hap - py be, From sor - row free, In peace and pu - ri - ty, Bless - ed for aye.
Oh, may I faith - ful prove, Keep it in view ; And thro' the storms of life Ev - er pur - sue.
Come, for this home will prove A home a - bove, The home of Chris - tian love, Love, love for aye.

Musical notation for the continuation of the second piece, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

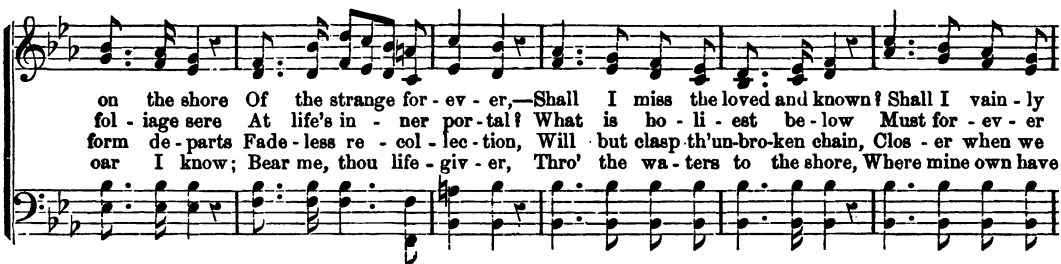
WHEN FOR ME THE SILENT OAR.

Tenderly.

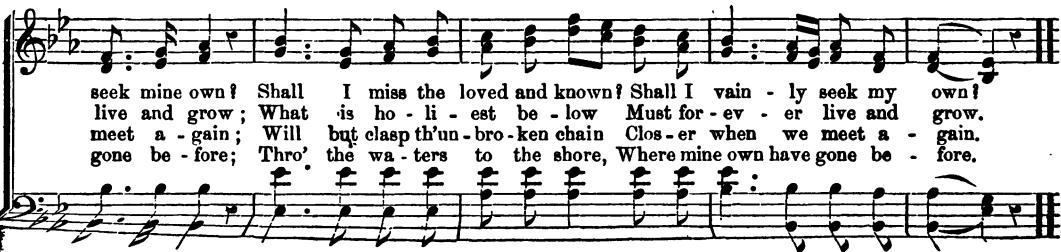
GERMAN MELODY.



1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er, And I stand up -
 2. Can the ties that make us here Know our - selves im - mor - tal, Drop a - way like
 3. He who plants with - in our hearts All this deep af - fee - tion, Giv - ing when the
 4. There - fore dread I not to go O'er the si - lent riv - er; Death, thy hast - 'ning



on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er, — Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly
 fol - iage sere At life's in - ner por - tal? What is ho - li - est be - low Must for - ev - er
 form de - parts Fade - less re - col - lec - tion, Will but clasp th'un - bro - ken chain, Clos - er when we
 oar I know; Bear me, thou life - giv - er, Thro' the wa - ters to the shore, Where mine own have

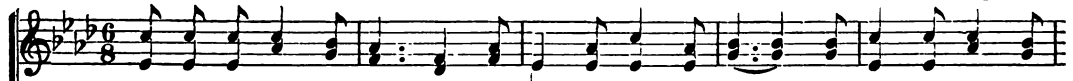


seek mine own? Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek my own?
 live and grow; What is ho - li - est be - low Must for - ev - er live and grow.
 meet a - gain; Will but clasp th'un - bro - ken chain Clos - er when we meet a - gain.
 gone be - fore; Thro' the wa - ters to the shore, Where mine own have gone be - fore.

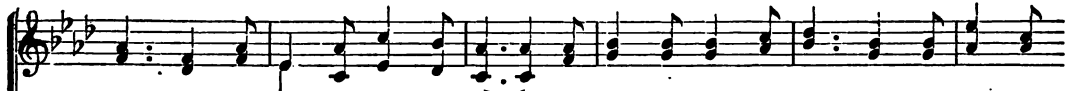
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

103

GEO. F. ROOT. From "S. S. Bell." by per.



1. Nev - er for - get the dear ones, A - round the so - cial hearth; The sun - ny smiles of
 2. Ev - er their hearts are turn - ing To thee when far a - way, Their love so pure and
 3. Nev - er for - get thy fa - ther, Who cheer - ful toils for thee; With - in thy heart may



glad - ness, The songs of art - less mirth; Th' oth - er scenes may woo thee In oth - er
 ten - der Is with thee on thy way; Wher - ev - er thou may'st wan - der, Wher - ev - er
 ev - er Thy moth - er's im - age be; Thy sis - ter dear and broth - er They long for



lands to roam, Nev - er for - get the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.
 thou may'st roam, Nev - er for - get, &c.
 thee to come; Nev - er for - get, &c.



AT A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

Words by REV. R. C. WATERSTON.

GERMAN MUSIC.

1. One bright flow'r has droop'd and faded, One sweet in - fant voice has fled, One fair brow the
 2. We would feel no pang of sad - ness, For our friend is hap - py now : She has knelt in
 3. She has gone to heav'n be - fore us, But she turns and waves her hand, Point - ing to the
 4. Lord, may an - gels watch a - bove us, Keep us all from er - ror free ; May they guard, and

grave has shad - ed ; One dear schoolmate now is dead, One dear schoolmate now is dead.
 soul - felt glad - ness, Where the bless - ed an - gels bow, Where the bless - ed an - gels bow.
 glo - ries o'er us, In that hap - py spi - rit land, In that hap - py spi - rit land.
 guide, and love us, Till, like her, we go to thee, Till, like her, we go to thee.

MORNING HYMN.

Episcopal Col.

1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come :
Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

Tune—"BLESSINGS ON THEE," p. 85.

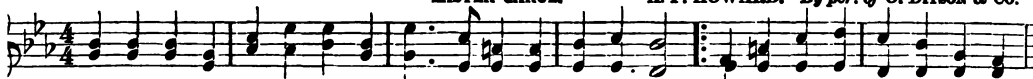
2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish fear, and clear our sight ;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we stand and watch and pray.

CHRIST IS RISEN!

105

EASTER CAROL.

A. P. HOWARD. *By per. of O. Ditson & Co.*



1. He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Tell it with a joy-ful voice; He has burst his earth-ly prison,
2. Tell it to the mourner weeping, Tell it to each lone-ly one, Wea-ry fast and vi-gil keeping,



CHO. Christ has burst his earthly prison,

Repeat for Chorus.



Let the whole wide world rejoice. Death is vanquish'd, man is free, Soul hath won the vic-to-ry!
Brightly breaks their Eas-ter sun. This shall chase their fears a-way; Christ hath conquered death-to-day!



Let the whole wide world rejoice. Death is vanquish'd, man is free, Soul hath won the vic-to-ry!

3

Come with high and holy gladness,
Chant the Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims this resurrection day.
We, who share his toil and strife,
Share in his immortal life.

Cho.—Christ has burst, &c.

4.

He is risen! he is risen!
He has passed the eternal gate;
He is free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
O may such an Easter beam
Yet upon our eyelids stream!

Cho.—Christ has burst, &c.

EASTER HYMN.

THOS. BLACKBURN.

Music written for this work by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - wake, thou win - try earth! Fling off thy sad - ness! Fair ver - nal flow'rs laug
2. Wave, woods, your blossoms all, Grim Death is dead! Ye weep - ing fun - 'ral

3 All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light:
Wint'ry heart, why wear'st the hue
Of sleep and night!
Christ is risen!

4 Leave thy cares beneath;
Leave thy worldly love;
Begin the better life
With God above!
Christ is risen!

forth Your ancient glad - ness! Christ is ris - en!
trees, Lift up your head! Christ is ris - en!

HARVEST-HOME.

ALFORD.

Tune—"CONVENT BELL" 7s, D. Key of G.

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
*Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;*

- First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!
- 3 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

EASTER CAROL.

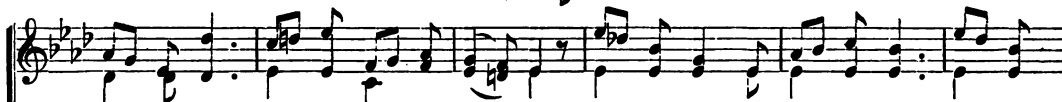
107

Words from FROTHINGHAM'S "Child's Book of Religion."

Music by MOZART.



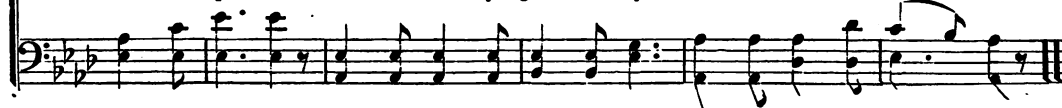
1. Let the mer-ry church-bells ring; Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold have
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain From the leaf - y chap - el, Prais - ing him with
3. Let the past of grief be past; This our com - fort giv - eth, — He was slain on



fled from spring; Life hath conquered dy - ing; Flowers are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny
whom in vain Sin hath sought to grap - ple. Sounds of joy come loud and clear As the
Fri - day last, Yet to - day he liv - eth: Mourn - ing heart must needs be gay, Out of



is the weath - er: With the ris - en Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er.
breez - es flut - ter: "He a - rose, and is not here," Is the strain they ut - ter.
sor - row's pris - on, Since the ver - y grave can say, "Christ - he hath a - ris - - en!"



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Written for the Children's Festival at the Church of Disciples, 1866. Boston. JAS. FREEMAN CLARKE, Pastor.
 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. REV. C. W. WENDTTE.

1. "What means this glo-ry round our feet," The Mag - i mused, "more bright than morn!" And voic-es
 2. "What means that star," the Shepherds said, "That brightens through the rocky glen!" And an - gels,
 3. 'Tis eigh - teen hun-dred years and more Since those sweet or - a - cles were dumb; We wait for

Solo. rit. *All.*
 chant - ed clear and sweet, "To - day the Prince of Peace is born!" "To - day the Prince of Peace is born!"
 answering overhead, Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 him like them of yore; A - las, he seems so slow to come! A - las, he seems so slow to come!

- 4 But it was said in words of gold,
 No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold,
 In perfect trust to come to him.
- 5 All round about our feet shall shine
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

- 6 So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And kindly clasping hand in hand,
 Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
- 7 For they who to their childhood cling,
 And keep their natures fresh as morn,
 Once more shall hear the angels sing,
 "TO-DAY THE PRINCE OF PEACE IS BORN."

SILENT NIGHT.

109

Words from the German.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Si - lent night! peace-ful night! All things sleep, shepherds keep Watch on Bethlehem's si - lent hill ;
2. Bright the star shines a - far, Guiding trav'lers on their way ; Who their gold and in - cense bring,
3. Light a - round! joy - ous sound! Angel voices wake the air ; Glo - ry be to God in heaven

And un - seen, while all is still, An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.
Off - 'rings to the promised King, Child of Da - vid's line, Child of Da - vid's line.
Peace on earth to you is given ; Lo! the Christ is born! Lo! the Christ is born!

MORNING HYMN.

JOHN PIERPONT.

For a Child.

- 1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away ;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

EVENING HYMN.

JOHN PIERPONT.

For a Child.

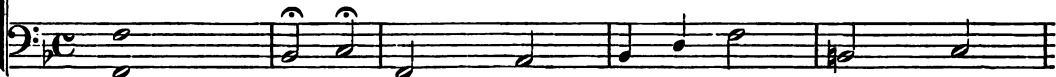
- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest ;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close ;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)



1. Soft - ly the ech - oes come and go... O - ver the crack-ling
 2. Soft - ly... beats the list' - ning heart, In all the.. mu - sic

Andantino.*pp**rall.**p e legato.*

frost and snow—The ech - oes of the bells which ring And Christmas greetings to us bring! While
 tak - ing part; And through the cor - ri - dors of thought Come breezy tones, with bless - ing fraught—The

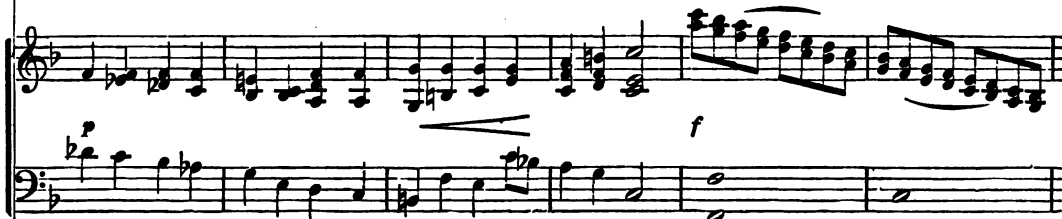


SOFTLY THE ECHOES COME AND GO.

111



children's voices, low and mild, Sing praises to the heav'n-born Child. Far and near, high and low,
 tones which in our youthful days Teach us to kneel in pray'r and praise. Far and near, high and low,



Soft-ly the echoes come and go! Far and near, high and low, Soft-ly the echoes come and go!
 Soft-ly the echoes come and go! Far and near, high and low, Soft-ly the echoes come and go!



HARK! A BURST OF HEAVENLY MUSIC.

MRS. N. M. MEIGS.*

FRED. SCHULZ



1. Hark! a burst of heavenly music From a band of seraphs bright, Sud-den-ly to earth desc
 2. And this joy-ful Christmas morning Breaking o'er the world be-low, Tells a - gain the wondrous



In the calm and silent night: To the shepherds of Ju-de - a, Watching in the earliest
 Shepherds heard so long a - go. Who shall still our tuneful voices, Who the tide of praise sha



Lo, they bear the joyful tidings, Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born! Sweet and clear those ange
 Which the blessed angels taught us In the fields of Beth-le - hem! Hark! we hear a gain the



* From FROTHINGHAM'S "Child's Book of Religion."

HARK! A BURST OF HEAVENLY MUSIC.

113

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Echoing through the starry sky, As they chant the heavenly chorus, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"
 Ringing through the starry sky, And we join the heavenly anthem, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Tune—"AULD LANG SYNE." C Minor.

- 1 Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
 That sing about your door,
 Soon as the joyous spring has come,
 And chilling storms are o'er.
 The little birds, how sweet they sing,
 Oh, let them joyous live,
 And never seek to take the life
 Which you can never give.
- 2 Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
 That play among the trees;
 'Twould make the earth a cheerless place
 Should we dispense with these.
 The little birds, how fond they play!
 Do not disturb their sport;
 But let them warble forth their songs
 Till winter cuts them short.
- 3 Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
 That bless the field and grove,
 So innocent to look upon,
 They claim our warmest love.
 The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
 How pleasant 'tis to see;
 No spot can be a cheerless place
 Where'er their presence be.

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

DR. T. W. PARSONS. *Tune—"AULD LANG SYNE."*

- 1 SHOULD Autumn's golden days depart
 And never leave behind
 A lesson to the grateful heart—
 A harvest for the mind!
 For Autumn and his golden days,
 For all his goodly things,
 We'll sing a cheerful song of praise,
 For all that Autumn brings.
- 2 Dear God! who gav'st the kindly rain
 On Summer's drought to fall,
 Thy sun and rain made strong the grain;
 But Autumn ripened all.
 For Autumn's glad and golden days,
 For all his blessed things,
 We'll sing a cheerful song of praise,
 For all that Autumn brings.
- 3 Though Autumn suns more coldly shine,
 Earth's glory is not lost;
 Night bears the Pleiads' radiant sign;
 Morn shows the silver frost.
 And though his fields be bare and brown,
 Old Autumn's praise we'll sing;
 October's gold shall be his crown,
 And Autumn shall be king!

GLORY TO GOD. Christmas Hymn.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."—Luke ii : 14.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. N. EVANS.

Duet. *f Full Chorus.* *Duet.*

1. { The morning breaks, and angel choirs are singing, "Glo-ry to God!" }
 { From earth and o-c-ean hear the anthems ringing, "Glo-ry to God!" } And in - fant voi - ces in the chorus

2. { From heaven's portals comes the bene - dic - tion Of "peace on earth!" }
 { And thro' all hearts is spread the glad conviction Of "peace on earth!" } When he shall reign, to-day in manger

All. *f* *After last stanza.* *p*

bleeding Join in the praises to high heaven ascending, "Glo-ry to God!" A - men. A - men.
 ly - ing, And round the world the blessed hope is flying, "Of peace on earth!"

3 And now a voice above the throne pronounces,
 "Good-will to men!"
 The heavenly host with rapturous joy announces,
 "Good-will to men!"
 And all earth's sons shall hail the promised blessing,
 And hate shall cease, and all shall stand confessing,
 "Good-will to men!"

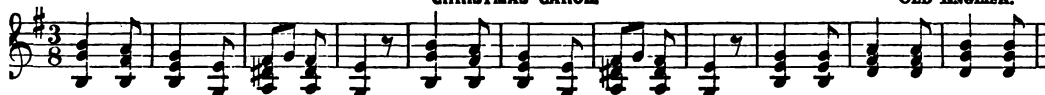
4 And children still shall shout with gladsome voices
 "Glory to God!"
 In childhood's years the happy heart rejoices
 In "peace on earth!"
 And, following Christ's example, we would never
 His law of love forsake, but practice ever
 "Good-will to men!"

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

115

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

OLD ENGLISH.



1st K. We three kings of O - rient are, Bear - ing gifts, we traverse far Field and fount - ain, moor and
2d K. Born a babe on Beth'lem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him a - gain; King for - ev - er - ceas - ing
3d K. Frank - in - cense my of - fer - ing; Cost - ly myrrh the gift I bring; Prayer and praising, all now



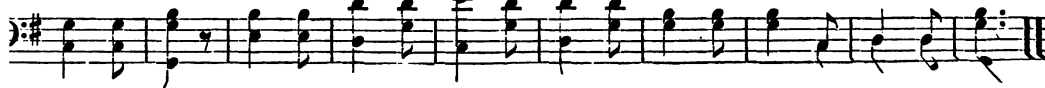
Chorus.



mountain, Following yon - der star. Oh! star of won - der, star of might, Star with roy - al
nev - er - His all - glo - rious reign!
rais - ing, Worshiping God on high.



beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to the per - fect light.



GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

1. God rest ye, mer - ry gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, For Je - sus
2. God rest ye, lit - tle chil - dren, Let noth - ing you af - fright, For Je - sus

Christ, the Sav - iour, Was born on Christ - mas day. The dawn rose red o'er
Christ, the bless - ed one, Was born this hap - py night; A - long the hills of

Girls.

Beth - le - hem, The stars shone thro' the gray, When Je - sus Christ, the Sav - iour,
Gal - i - lee The white flocks sleep - ing lay, When Christ, the Child of Naz - a - reth,

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

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Boys. *All.*

Was born on Christmas day; When Je - sus Christ, the Sav - iour, Was born on Christmas day.
Was born on Christmas day; When Christ, the Child of Naz - a - reth, Was born on Christmas day.

THE ANGELS.

Tune—"EDINBURGH," 11s.

How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Tune—"WEBB," p. 8.

- 1 To thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each happy spirit sings.
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Tune—"THE VOICE WITHIN," p. 71.

- 1 THE golden rule, the golden rule,
Oh, that's the law for me!
Were this the law for all the world,
How happy we should be.

Cho.—The golden rule, the golden rule,
Oh, that's the law for me;
To do to others as I would
That they should do to me.

- 2 We love our fathers, mothers, too,
Whose love our life attends;
We love our brothers, sisters, too,
Our teachers and our friends.—*Cho.*
- 3 Were this the rule, in peace and love
Our lives would pass away;
And none would suffer, none be poor,
And none their trust betray.—*Cho.*

FOR CLOSING.

Tune—"OLD HUNDRED."

- 1 BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE

H. S. PERKINS, *by permission.**Cheerfully.*

1. The sleigh-bells jin-gle in their glee, The joy-ous chil-dren shout ; And so with harmless rev-el-
 2. Our hearts are mer-ry as the bells, While with our voi-ces clear We sing the words the hope fore-

Chorus.

D. C. The sleigh-bells jin-gle in their glee, The joy-ous chil-dren about ; And so with harmless rev-el-

Fine. A little slower.

ry The good old year goes out. For God was in the year gone by, And bless'd us ev-ery day, And
 tells, And welcome the new year. For God who in the year gone by Did bless us ev-ery day, Will

ry The good old year goes out.

D. C.

3.

led us through its flow-ing path, And Winter's snow-y way.
 lead us in the steps we take A-long our for-ward way.

Then jingle, jingle—clear and sweet—
 Each voice and bell in tune ;
 The years run on with hurrying feet,
 Now Winter, and now June.
 But God doth give us all the years,
 And all the years we'll sing :
 They lead us to a country where
 The whole year long is Spring.

D. C. The sleigh-bells jingle, &c.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

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REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

H. S. PERKINS.

Quartette.



1. God of the glorious Summer hours, When scented breezes blow, We worshipp'd thee amid the flow'rs, We'll
2. Thy love the past year led us thro', Thy love the new year gives: Each month hath blessings fresh and new For
3. Let bitter wind their hardest blow, Let des - o - lation reign; From out their graves beneath the snow New



Semi-chorus.

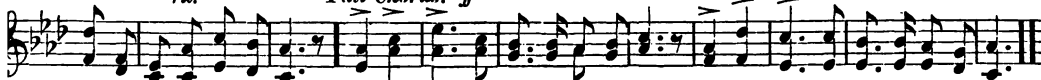


wor-ship in the snow. For all the changing year is thine, The bare branch and the leafy
ev-erything that lives. Win-ter as well as Spring;
worlds shall live a - gain.



rit.

Full Chorus. *f*



vine Thy praises both shall sing. Sing, sing, sing, we'll sing the merry song; Sing, sing, sing, we'll sing the merry song.



WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

*Words adapted.*P. P. BLISS. *From the "Prize," by per. of JOHN CHURCH & C**Andantino.*

1. Sow-ing their seed by the dawn-light fair, Sow-ing their seed in the noon-light glare, Sow-ing 1
 2. Sow-ing their seed by the way - side high, Sow-ing their seed on the rocks to die, Sow-ing 1
 3. Sow-ing their seed with a care - ful hand, Sow-ing their seed in a fruit - ful land, Sow-ing

seed in the fad-ing light, Sowing their seed in the solemn night, Oh, what shall the har - vest be! . . .
 seed where the thorns will spoil. Sowing their seed in the fertile soil, Oh, what shall the har - vest, &c.
 faith till the reap-ers come, Gladly to gath-er the harvest home, Oh, what shall the har - vest, &c.

Sown in the dark - - ness or sown in 1
Chorus.
 what shall the har - vest be! Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

121

light;..... Sown..... in our weak - - ness or sown..... in our

sown in the light; Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Sown in our weak-ness or

might:..... Gath - - ered in time..... or e - ter - - - ni -

sown in our might; Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Gathered in time or e -

ty;..... Sure,..... ah, sure..... will the har - - - vest be.

ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah, yes, sure will the har-vest be, will the har-vest, the har-vest be.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Words by Mrs. LOUISA J. HALL.

Music by C. W. WENDTÉ.

1. And are you in the stars, dear Lord! And are you in the wind that blows! I see the stars, I hear the wind,
 2. I wish that I could see your face; They tell me you are everywhere, And so be - fore I fall a - sleep,
 3. And I will make it all my-self; I think I can, I'm sure I should; They say you dearly love to help;

And then my weary eyes I close; I see the stars, I hear the wind, And then my weary eyes I close.
 Dear Lord, I say my little prayer; And so be - fore I fall a - sleep, Dear Lord, I say my lit - tle prayer.
 And so, please help me to be good; They say you dearly love to help; And so, please help me to be good.

GOD THE GIVER.

Tune—"CROSS AND CROWN."

- 1 It was our heavenly Father's love
 Brought every being forth;
 He made the shining worlds above,
 And every thing on earth.
- 2 He gives us all our parents dear,
 Our teachers kind and true;
*He bids us all their precepts hear,
 And all they teach us do.*

- 3 God sees and hears us all the day,
 . And in the darkest night;
 He views us when we disobey,
 And when we act aright.
- 4 God hears what we are saying now,
 Oh, what a wondrous thought!
 Our heavenly Father, teach us how
 To love thee as we ought.

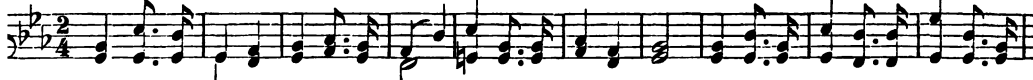
VOICES OF THE FLOWERS.

123

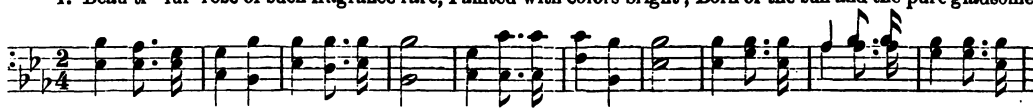
REV. W. G. HASKELL.

(CLASS OR CONCERT EXERCISE.)

S. W. FOSTER.



1. Beau-ti - ful rose of such fragrance rare, Painted with colors bright; Born of the sun and the pure gladsome



air, Fed by the dews of night; Thou art the Father's child, and we Ask what the Father saith thro' thee:



Recitation after 1st stanza.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, as blossom as the rose."—ISAIAH.

2 Beautiful lily, whiter than snow,
Purest among the flowers;
Hast thou a message that we ought to know?
Can thy pure life help ours?
See how the lily bows its head—
Whispering just what Jesus said:

Recit.—"Consider the lilies, how they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast to the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"—LUKE.

3 Myrtle, fit crown for angels, art thou;
Never thy message cease;
Tell of the sword beaten into the plow,
Singing of the reign of peace:

Hearts are so sad for blood that flows,
Tell us the promised end of woes.

Recit.—"Instead of thorn shall come up the fir tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—ISAIAH.

4 Beautiful buds of life's tender spring,
Flowers of its summer time;
Blossoms of home now your sweet message bring,

In your own tuneful rhyme:
How shall we take the children dear?
What said the Christ when he was here?

Recit.—"Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. * * * And he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Words translated from the German by Miss HARRIET HALL.

Music by Rev. C. W. WENDT

1. Wea - ry am I; go to rest, Lit - tle eye - lids down - ward pressed; Fa - ther, let
 2. Have I done aught wrong to - day! Oh! thou dear God, look a - way! In thy mer -
 3. All who near un - to me stand, Let them rest in thy strong hand; Keep the peo -
 4. Un - to wet eyes send thou sleep; Un - to sick hearts, rest so deep; Let the moon

Chorus.

sleep - less eye Watch the bed where - in I lie. Slum - ber sweetly; God is keep -
 full and free, For my er - rors par - don me.
 great and small In thy charge, O Lord of all.
 heav - en stand Watch - ing o'er a qui - et land.

Ho - ly vig - ils o - ver - head; An - gel hosts, while thou art sleeping, Watch beside thy qui - et bed.

LITTLE THINGS.

125

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean, And the beauteous land.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE.

Superintendent reads :—Mark 10 : 13-16.

School sings :—Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

Supt. reads :—So teach us to number our days that we
may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

School sings :—For the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Supt. reads :—And whosoever shall give to drink unto
one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the
name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no
wise lose his reward.

School sings :—Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Supt. reads :—Behold, how great a matter a little fire
kindleth !

School sings :—So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Supt. reads :—May the words of our mouth and the
meditations of our hearts be pleasing in thy sight, O
Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.

School sings :—Keep us true and faithful
In our words and deeds ;
Lift our thoughts to heaven
For our daily needs.

TEACHERS' HYMN.

ANON.

1 O Thou who sendest sun and rain
On wilderness and peopled plain !
Shed thou thy grace on heart and tongue,
And bless our teaching of the young.

2 We ask for no reward of praise,
No mere success in outward ways ;

Tune—"OLD HUNDRED," Key of G.

But may we, Lord, successful be
In leading these young souls to thee.

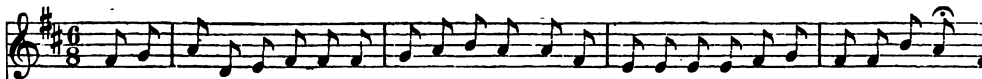
3 Grant thou our hands the seed to sow
Which to eternal life shall grow ;
Without thine aid our toil must fail,
But with it, Lord, we shall prevail.

WE'LL FOLLOW ALONG.

Andante.

For S. S. Concert.

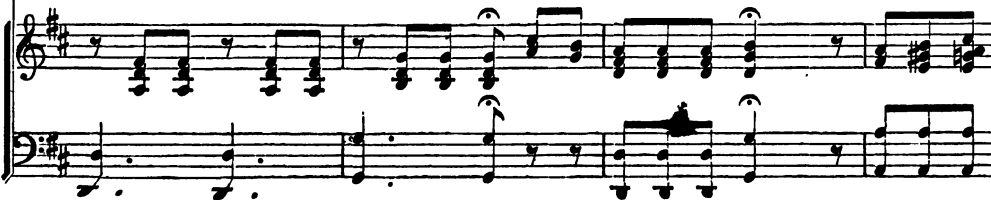
Words and Music by H. S. PERK



1. In the cleft of the rock, by the side of the sea, He has pointed the way where my footsteps should be;
 2. In the morning of life, from my ear-liest days, He has watched o'er my steps altho' err-ing my ways;
 3. Thro' the jour-ney of life, Father, reach out thy hand, Lift me up by thy love to the heav-en-ly land; W



bil-lows did foam, and the o - cean did roar, But he led me a - long by the rock and the
 sun - shine and storm, thro' the heat and the cold, He will lead me a - long e'en when fee - ble and
 song dies a - way like the sun in the west, Lead me on to thy home in the mansions of



WE'LL FOLLOW ALONG.

127

Chorus.

*Echo.**



We'll fol - low a - long, *fol - low a - long,* 'tis the ech - o we hear; Sweet comes the



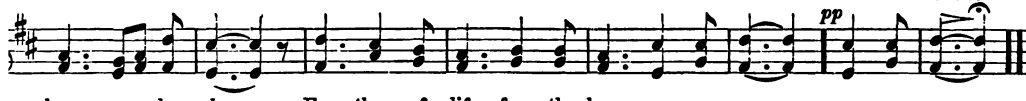
Echo.



voice our long jour - ney to cheer; We'll fol - low a - long, *fol - low a - long,* to the



Last Echo. ad lib.



heav - en - ly shore, Fa - ther of life from the long ev - er - more, *ev - er - more.*



* *Quartette in an adjacent room, or Chorus sing pp.*

Superintendent.—The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him ; to all that call upon him in truth.

School sing "BETHANY," Key of F.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
:] Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

Supt.—Jacob, as he journeyed, tarried in a certain place all night because the sun was set ; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and lay down to sleep.

School.—Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
:] Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

Supt.—And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven ; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

School.—There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;

All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
:] Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

Supt.—And Jacob waked out of his sleep, and said : Surely the Lord is in this place, and I kne not. And he took the stone that he had for his pil and set it up for a pillar. And he called the name that place Bethel ; that is, the house of God.

School.—Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
:] Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

Supt.—They that wait upon the Lord shall rer their strength ; they shall mount up with wings eagles ; they shall run and not be weary ; they s! walk and not faint.

School.—Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
:] Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

129

(CONCERT PIECE.)

After "Cujus Animam."

From "Fourth Music Reader," by permission of MESSRS. GINN BROS.

MEZZO SOPRANO.



Hark!

Ortus. 1ST AND 2D TREBLE.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

TENOR AND BASS.



Solo (or Soprano).



Hark!

1. Hark! what mean those ho - - - ly voic - - - es, Sweet - - - ly
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reach - - - ing



Hal - le - lu - jah!

Accom.



HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

sound - - ing through the skies? , Lo! th' an-gel - - ic host re -
 far as man is found; Souls re - deemed and sins for -

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, featuring a complex texture of chords and arpeggios. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef, providing a simple harmonic foundation.

joic - es! Heaven - ly hal - - le - lu - - - jabs rise. Hear them
 giv - en! Lord, our gold - - en harps shall sound. Haste, ye

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef, continuing the complex texture of chords and arpeggios. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef, providing a simple harmonic foundation.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

131

tell the won - - drous sto - - ry; Hear them chant, in hymns of
mor - - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name, and taste his

joy,—
joy,—

Chorus. TREBLE AND ALTO.

"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
Till in heaven ye sing be - fore him, "Glo - ry be to God most high!"

TENOR AND BASS.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

ENGLISH HYMN.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en ! With milk and honey blest ; Beneath thy contempla - tion, Sink heart and voice opprest : I
 2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng ; And
 3. There is the throne of glory ; And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast ; And



know not, oh ! I know not What joys a - wait us there ; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 God is ev - er near them, The day - light is se - rene : The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
 they, who strong and faith - ful, Have conquer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.



GOD'S LOVE.

Tune—"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."

1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here :
 The storms may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed !

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 The Father is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack :
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim :
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. Chant.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence... cometh my help; My help cometh from the Lord, who made..... heaven and earth.

2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee..... will not slumber; Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall not..... slumber nor sleep.

3. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon... thy right hand; The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the.. moon by night.

4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall pre-serve thy soul; The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for... ev - er - more.

A - - men.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Chant.

A - men.

1. The Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not | want ; | He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth | me be- | side the still | waters.
2. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for | his name's | sake ; | Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.
3. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ; thou annointest my head with oil ; my | cup · runneth | over ; | Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.

Words from the German of EMANUEL GEIBEL.

S. C. MOORE.



1. At East-er morn the lark, as-cend-ing, Loud caroled forth her mer-ry lay, To heav'ns high
 2. Awake! pour forth your streams, ye fountains! And praise the Lord with gladsome heart; A-wake! and
 3. Awake! all ye who sloth-ful languish, Weighed down by winter's grief and care, Oppressed by
 4. Then welcome all with ac-cla-ma-tion, This saving health the Lord doth bring; Free par-don



dome her swift flight wend-ing, To greet with praise the new-born day. And as she car-oled, thus re-
 join the cho-rus, mountains! Let ev-ery tree and plant take part. Ye vio-lets, in the meadows
 mourning, filled with an-guish, Rouse ye from sleep—would ye de-spair! Ye mourners, of this life so
 and a full sal-va-tion Is ut-tered to us by the spring. Al-mighty power new life hath



sound-ed From field and grove glad nature's voice: A-wake! let joy be now un-bounded, Our Lord is
 hid-ing, Ye flowrets all, with perfumed breath, Pro-claim a-loud the joy-ous tid-ings, Love hath o'er-
 weary—Dreaming, perchance, of days long gone, A-wake! no longer sad and drear-y, The world, all
 giv-en, Each twig, once dead, doth know the dawn; Al-mighty power the tomb hath riv-en, A-wake! it



* As sung by the Sabbath School of REV. LOAMMI WARE, Burlington, Vermont.

EASTER MORNING.

135

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line and repeat dots.

risen, let all re-joice; A-wake! let joy be now un-bounded, Our Lord is risen, let all re-joice!
 come the power of Death! Proclaim a-loud the joy-ous tidings, Love hath o'ercome the power of Death!
 na-ture is new-born! Awake! no longer sad and dreary, The world, all na-ture is new-born!
 is the East-er morn! Almighty power the tomb hath riven, A-wake! it is the East-er morn!

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Tune—"MARCHING ALONG." "Golden Chain," p. 112.

- 1 THE morning is breaking, the daylight appears,
 Fair science shall banish our doubts and our fears,
 Foul error shall vanish away from our sight,
 For knowledge shall scatter the clouds of her night.

Cho.—Marching along, we'll go marching along,
 Fearless and free, we'll go marching along;
 Truth is our watchword, and knowledge our might,
 Winning our way with the weapons of light.

- 2 The darkness of ages is fleeing away,
 The bright sun of knowledge is rising to-day;
 Injustice and error may struggle in vain,
 The true and the right in their places shall reign.
c. w. w.

HYMN FOR THE VOICELESS.

ANON.

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 MAKER of earth, and sea and sky,
 Creation's Sovereign, Lord and King,
 Who hung the starry worlds on high,
 And formed alike the sparrow's wing,
 Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,
 And listen to their *voiceless* prayer.

- 2 For us they toil, for us they die,
 These humble creatures God has made;
 How shall we dare their rights deny
 On whom God's seal of love is laid!
 Kindness to them is mercy's plea,
 So deal with them as God with thee.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

[The children to be brought forward during the singing of the hymn by the school.]

REV. J. F. CLARKE, D.D. *Tune*—"BOYLSTON," S. M.

- 1 To thee, O God in heaven!
 These little ones we bring;
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,—
 Our dearest offering.
- 2 To thee, O God! whose face
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.
- 3 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
 To keep them pure as now.

THE DEWY ROSE OF SHARON.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

From "S. S. Bell," by permission.



1. The dew - y, dew - y rose of Sha - ron, How sweet, how sweet it scents the air, A
 2. How ma - ny, ma - ny souls have wan - dered, With - out, with - out a help - ing hand; Their
 3. May we, may we, a band of chil - dren, Though few, though few our tal - ents be, Still



crown, a crown of matchless glo - ry Up - on its fore - head fair! So we in deeds of
 light, their light and beau - ty fad - ed, Their bark up - on the strand; When one small act of
 strive, still strive to live like Je - sus, And serve as faith - ful - ly. Oh, may we hum - bly



good - ness, Un - til our life shall close, May scat - ter bloom and fra - grance, Like Sha - ron's dew - y rose.
 kind - ness, One lit - tle look of love, Might lead an err - ing broth - er To seek the help a - bove.
 fol - low Till life's un - cer - tain close, And leave in death a fra - grance Like Sha - ron's dew - y rose.

Chorus.

The dew - y, dew - y rose of Sha - ron, How sweet, how sweet it scents the
 How ma - ny, ma - ny souls have wan - dered, With - out, with - out a help - ing
 May we, may we, a band of chil - dren, Though few, though few our tal - ents



THE DEWY ROSE OF SHARON.

137

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the top staff, with some words aligned under specific notes.

air, A crown, a crown of match-less glo-ry Up-on its fore-head fair.
hand; Their light, their light and beau-ty fad-ed, Their bark up-on the strand.
be, Still strive, still strive to live like Je-sus, And serve as faith-ful-ly.

CITY MISSION SONG.

Words contributed by MRS. E. H. LELAND.

- 1 How many (many) little children
Within (within) the city dwell,
Who every (every) day are starving,
The heart must ache to tell!
Sometimes close by our houses,
Sometimes far down the street,
Sometimes beyond the river
The poor lost ones we meet.

CHORUS.—O deep (O deep) within the city,
How many (many) children dwell,
Who every (every) day are starving,
The heart must ache to tell!

- 2 'Tis not (alone) for food they're dying,
Tho' sometimes (sometimes) wan and thin;
But cruel (cruel) hands are starving
The little souls within.
They know no ward of heaven,
They know no love, no prayer,

Adapted to Tune "THE DEWY ROSE OF SHARON,"

- And slowly, slowly wither
The souls once fresh and fair.—**CHO.**
- 3 No kisses (kisses) on their foreheads,
No pillows (pillows) soft and white,
No tender lullaby to soothe them,
No mother's sweet "good night;"
No bright and welcome mornings,—
For all their days are sad;
Yet sometimes when they're dreaming
The angels make them glad!—**CHO.**
- 4 The Lord above hath many angels,
But none so near (so near) as we,
Oh, even (even) when they're waking
His angels they may see!
So when we meet these children,
Let pity fill our eyes,
God sends us on an errand,—
Close by our mission lies!—**CHO.**

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